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## Where Labour Must Say "No"

THE fact that Mr. Churchill's performance in Congress was technically magnificent should not blind anyone to the dangers inherent in his commitments or his ambiguities. As Mr. R. H. S. Crossman, who was in Washington during his visit, explains on another page, the degree to which Mr. Churchill has committed us is uncertain; but doubt may be even more dangerous than commitment. Most U.S. commentators are sure that British Far Eastern policy has been "reluctantly reversed." He left the general and disastrous impression that, whereas in 1951 if America had decided to extend the war to China proper, she would have had, in Mr. Truman's phrase, to "go it alone," in 1952 Britain and other United Nations Powers would be compelled to "go it" with her.

It is argued in America that the U.N. is involved in a "crusade" to punish "the Chinese aggressors." No such preposterous duty as the punishment of 500 million Chinese exists or can exist. The United Nations accepted the duty of repelling invasion in Korea, just as in 1935 the League of Nations promised to stop Mussolini's aggression against Abyssinia. To say that, in vaguely defined contingencies in Korea or Viet-Nam, we now ought to make a punitive war on China, is analogous to arguing that, if sanctions had only partially succeeded in coercing Mussolini, it would then have been our duty to destroy Rome, Florence and Venice! If, on this analogy, the British are called "appeasers" for wishing to prevent the unnecessary and appalling catastrophe of general war with China, then we should be happy to accept the insult as a compliment.

We have no doubt that the great majority of people in this country and Western Europe will share our horror at this proposal if the facts are fairly presented to them. The implications of MacArthurism have not changed since Mr. Attlee made his visit to Washington, though they have grown more dangerous. To bomb Manchuria would be to invite retaliation, and it is no longer true, as the United Nations have learnt in Korea, that American bombers can destroy the towns and villages of Asia without cost to themselves. Whether—or rather how soon and how successfully—in such a war the Chinese would appeal to the Russians for help under their treaty of mutual assistance, we cannot guess. All that is certain is that the entire Communist world would be united against the West, that hesitating or potential satellites in Asia would fully accept the need of Russian and Communist protection and that Coloured people throughout the world would rally to the Communist side. The war might soon look more like a war between Coloured and White than between Communist and non-Communist peoples. The concentration of force in the East would leave Europe wide open to Communist infiltration, or, if at some time that seemed expedient to Moscow, to Soviet invasion.

When speaking of potentialities so vast and so terrible as these, it seems hardly relevant to mention such minor factors as that even in the early stages of war, and even if Russia were not involved, the remains of Western trade and influence in Hong Kong and coastal China would necessarily disappear; that the guerilla fighting in Malaya, where Mao Tse-tung has not yet played any direct part, would probably be turned into a resolute and perhaps successful effort to turn out the British; that the same thing would happen in Viet-Nam, where all parties in France had at last reached the point of deciding to seek the settlement that they could have had without loss of life five years ago; and that the Burmese who, of all people, have a real desire to enjoy an inoffensive and neutral life, are likely to be dragged into the war by the unofficial aid which American "cloak and dagger boys" are already giving to Kuomintang troops who have established themselves in the Shan States.

Parliament will meet next week at a critical moment. The domestic and economic crisis, which results from a policy of blindly accepting Washington's estimate of our armaments needs instead of deciding these for ourselves, has been stressed this week by Mr. Eden and Mr. Thorneycroft. They are likely to be intensified, as Lancashire M.P.s already understand, by a Japanese Treaty which seeks to compel Tokio to renounce its natural economic relations with China and to seek to live by under-cutting British textile markets. These domestic considerations, however, are of minor importance in comparison with the main issue of peace or war. The first task of the Labour Party is ruthlessly and rigorously to cross-examine Mr. Churchill about what assurances or commitments he has given in Washington. Such a cross-examination would at least have the effect of giving America some understanding of British opinion on this subject. It might even undo some of the harm which has been done. If, in effect, America has reason to believe that Britain has now accepted MacArthurism, then it will be the duty of the Labour leaders abruptly to end bi-partisanship in foreign policy. By speaking out, Mr. Attlee may yet save us from the worst results of Mr. Churchill's visit to Washington.

### Macmillan on Housing

Mr. Macmillan will have to prove that in the event his housing methods are a match for his fine words. His new slogan to local authorities and builders is to be, "The quicker you build the more you will get to build." In future there will be no "arbitrary programme of 175,000 or 200,000 or any other figure of houses a year." If all this means anything more than Mr. Dalton's policy of allowing increased allocations to those authorities capable of using them, it must mean a great weakening in the machinery of planning. No doubt this is at first sight welcome to Local Authorities. But Mr. Macmillan's phrases do not affect the physical limitations on the total building programme. Whether more can be accomplished in a year depends on the supply and distribution of material and labour. A relaxation of planning is all too likely to unbalance the distribution of physical assets both between the housing programme and other essential building and between one area and another. In pinning his hopes on more economical methods of building, Mr. Macmillan is continuing the line initiated by Mr. Dalton. There is little doubt that substantial economies can be made in building methods without reduction of housing standards; and if the Government does succeed in achieving any significant increase in house building this is the likely reason. Our fear is that with the present unassuagable demand for capital investment, a weakening of central planning is likely to introduce disorder into a programme which was limited not by regulation but by rival demands; and that, taken as a whole, Mr. Macmillan's policies may lead to a very slight increase in soundly built houses and a very much less equitable distribution.

### New Transport Charges

The Transport Tribunal has now published its conclusions on the Transport Commission's draft passenger charges scheme. The most striking of its findings, which differ substantially from the Commission's proposals, is the recommendation to reduce single fares on the main line railways by nearly one-third. The ordinary return fare will be as at present, double the single fare; but so great is the proposed reduction that the ordinary return will thus be slightly cheaper than the existing monthly return. These are maximum charges, and it will be open to the Commission to introduce without reference to the Tribunal a lower scale of monthly returns, if it considers that this particular incentive is still desirable. The Tribunal's remaining conclusions are less welcome. Early morning, cheap day and season tickets are all to be increased. The 1½d. London Transport ticket is to become 2d.; the halfpenny indeed is to disappear from London Transport fares, except for children. The Commission's original proposals aimed at raising passenger receipts by £21 millions. No estimate is available of the new scheme's yield. The Tribunal's conclusions are remarkable for the implied recognition of what the public has long suspected—that main line railway fares are already higher than the market can bear. Little regard, on the other hand, has been paid to those who are compelled to travel daily to their work. The increased cost of early morning and season tickets is a severe blow to all suburban workers; and Londoners in particular will wonder whether even London Transport's excellent services are worth yet higher fares.

### Civil Service Protest

The protest issued last week by the Civil Service unions against the Government's revised security procedure is remarkable for its unanimity. The three unions, which represent virtually all the "non-industrials" concerned, concede with propriety the right of the Government "to safeguard itself against information being given to unauthorised persons," but object strongly to some of the likely consequences of the new policy and question its efficiency. In remarking that it "will put a premium on the mischievous . . . and malignant informer and can lead to action based on rumour rather than fact," the unions can cite ample precedents from the experience of their U.S. colleagues. When they go on to point out that "the unlimited scope of the inquiry may well bring damage to civil servants in their outside connections," they are, inevitably, on more speculative ground. None the less there remains a real fear that the security authorities may in future interpret their powers as permitting action which public opinion would regard as a gross infringement of personal liberty. We trust that Parliament will support the unions in their protest, at least to the extent of stringent inquiry into the implications of the Government's decision.

### Troubles in Tunisia

The French are running into heavy weather in Tunisia. Pledged to radical constitutional reforms, the French Government has come under such hot fire from local French settlers that it has tried to shed the commitment. For a long time Tunisia has lived on the edge of violence: martial law was proclaimed in 1938, for instance, and has never been revoked. Nor is the recent appointment of General Garbay to command of French troops in Tunisia an omen for peace: he was the man who "pacified" Madagascar some years ago at an appalling cost in Malgassy lives.

The Tunisians, through their independence movement, the Néo-Destour, say that the French are willing to give no more than the merest shadow of autonomy; and it must be admitted that the evidence on their side is weighty and convincing. Why otherwise should the Tunisian Government of M. Ch'nik find itself unable to make its will prevail over French obstruction? Why otherwise should the palace of the Bey of Tunis, who strongly supports the Néo-Destour, be now surrounded by French police in military array? Why should the leader of the Néo-Destour, Habib Bourgiba, be exiled from the capital at this crucial time? It looks very much as if the French are, once again, trying to put the clock back.

### The White Federation

The present Government has lost no time in allowing Sir Godfrey Huggins to come to London for a private conference with the new British Ministers on the question of federating Southern and Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. The Africans of these three territories, it will be remembered, were practically unanimous in rejecting the proposals for federation that were put forward at the Victoria Falls conference last autumn. But the settlers found that these proposals in any case gave the Africans "too much." Sir Godfrey has come to insist on stronger terms. He is "anxious to make the Southern Rhodesian system the model for federation"—to throw out, that is, all those parts of the original proposals which provided for indirect African representation in the Federal Parliament and even in the Federal Cabinet. The Africans of these territories, meanwhile, are squaring up for determined resistance to federation. Opposition has notably increased in Northern Rhodesia during the past few weeks; and this week-end there takes place in Nyasaland a nation-wide meeting of the Nyasaland Congress which intends to protest against these separate and secret discussions between the Southern Rhodesian and British Governments, and to name a delegation of their own which shall present their case in London. The growing opposition by Africans makes hay of Sir Godfrey's main argument, that the retention of British influence in Central Africa depends on forcing through federation.

### More and More

*A correspondent writes:* President Truman's Economic Report and Budget Message have aroused a storm of protest from penny-pinchers in Congress. To those seeking re-election, $5 billions more in taxes is unusually distasteful. Yet even the total is not estimated to meet the Budget of $85.4 billions, three-quarters of it devoted to Defence or "Security" projects; the deficit is estimated at more than $14 billions. On Capitol Hill, there was immediately a series of demands for cuts ranging up to $8 billions, and gloomy predictions of galloping inflation due to the prodigal spending of Mr. Truman and "his Left-wing advisers."

Such a reaction is normal, especially in an election year, and there is no doubt that Congressional Committees will go through the Budget to pare down individual items, though their success is always dependent upon the strength of various lobbies and the degree of log-rolling between them. This year, however, they must decide whether or not to cut back military spending, for there cannot be much room for economy on the $20 billions allocated to civilian purposes—at least, not to the tune of several billion dollars. No doubt, it may seem all wrong to a Congressman that in such times the Administration should want to spend money on Federal aid to education, Federal scholarships, extension of public health units, flood control and public power, rural electrification and telephones. But these matters involve millions rather than billions, and to cut them out of the Budget is sheer demagogy. The really important issue is whether this Budget is inflationary. In point of fact, the increased Government spending may be covered by the continued estimated increase in productivity—again of the order of five per cent.—and this, combined with the level of stocks, seems an adequate cushion against renewed inflation. Given no panic buying, and good regulation of the economy, there is no reason why, for another year, the United States should not continue to have more guns and more butter, and to bridge the classic capitalist "gap."

But Budget debates are as much relevant to elections as to facts, and the Taft Republicans are certain to try to pin the high cost of the

Administration's foreign policy, not on Mr. Truman, whom they regard as finished in any case, but on General Eisenhower's supporters, who are associated with this policy. It is clear that there will be a bitter dog-fight among the contending Republicans this spring, and Eisenhower's backers must be wondering whether it is better to leave the General out of it, or whether, if he is brought back to testify in favour of the foreign aid programme—and thereby show himself on American soil—he might damage his chances.

### New Government, New Worries

*Our Paris Correspondent writes*: Even before the National Assembly met and finally gave the new Government a large vote of confidence, M. Faure went out of his way to "clear up the misunderstandings" that arose from the tough French Note sent to Tunisia on December 15—"at least as far as France is concerned," as *Le Monde* put it, with a slight touch of irony. On the Parliamentary plane assurances also had to be given to the Socialists that the unfortunate phrase in the Note suggesting "co-sovereignty" had been a "misunderstanding." But to appease Tunisia itself may take longer, after what has happened, than to appease the French Socialists.

*Il ne manquait que ça* . . . As if France hadn't enough troubles on her hands already. Tribute is paid to the speed with which M. Faure ("nice to see a new and young face") hammered his forty-member Government together. Its Parliamentary basis is much the same as that of previous Governments before the Socialists had turned against them. The Gaullists have been kept out so far, and the important place held in the economic posts by "Leftist" members of the M.R.P., like MM. Bacon and Buron, suggests at least a slight departure from the lop-sided "austerity" policy of M. René Mayer. Neither he nor M. Pleven are in the new Government. Are they waiting for the time to be ripe for an agreement with the Gaullists? The Budget, the European Army and Indo-China, with its fearful financial and military burden (which also has its repercussions in North Africa) will be, together with Tunisia, the main tasks facing the new Government. Its formation has not, in itself, solved or really altered anything. Except, perhaps, that it may kick harder than the Pleven Government when it is confronted with Herr Blank's pretty blueprint of a German army with 3,000 tanks. Many French Socialists, at any rate, will make continuance of support for the Government conditional on that.

### WITHOUT COMMENT

We have in front of us a photostat copy of a letter addressed to "The Society for German Unity, for the attention of R. Schill, Hans Mayer Settlement, Geesthacht." The notepaper bears the official arms of the Burgermeister of Geesthacht and is signed by the *Stadtinspektor*. It refers to an announcement of a meeting to be held by December 14, and continues:—

"For your information I bring to your notice that any propaganda and discussion against remilitarisation and for a peaceful settlement [*Friedensschluss*] is to be avoided.

This information is to be brought to the attention of the advertised speakers of the Society for German Unity and of those who take part in the discussion, for which you, as chairman of the meeting, are responsible.

The Police have been given the duty of dispersing the meeting in the event of any breach of this obligation."

# Unbuttered Parsnips

THE statement issued at the close of the conference of Commonwealth Finance Ministers is described lyrically by Mr. R. A. Butler as one that has "given the sterling area a new lease of life." It contains, indeed, fine words and impressive professions of rectitude. "Corrective measures" are promised to ensure that by the second half of 1952 the sterling area as a whole will be in balance with the rest of the world; and, with an eye to Congress, the assurance is given that the free convertibility of sterling is the ultimate objective. To meet the immediate situation, there must be import cuts: "every country in this area" must endeavour to live within its means. But it is not proposed to close the yawning gap in the balance of payments purely by "negative and restrictive measures" of this nature. As a long-term remedy, it is emphasised, the production and exports, particularly in raw materials, of the sterling area must be augmented (possibly, it is hinted, with the aid of dollar loans), and in the meantime, all possible measures must be taken "to combat inflation."

Until it is seen what positive action, here and in the Dominions, follows this wordy statement of policy, it is difficult to estimate how far the Ministers have in fact buttered their financial parsnips. The reference to convertibility is obviously a pious and, in present circumstances, meaningless aspiration; and it is hard to believe that the Conference can mean seriously to suggest that individual members of the sterling area should all aim at an overall balance. Some members—Malaya, for instance—ought clearly to have a surplus in external payments with the dollar area, compensated by a sterling deficit in transactions with the United Kingdom, whose overall balance accordingly need not exclude a deficit in her direct dollar trade.

Here at once we are confronted with a difficulty which is evaded in the Finance Minister's statement. The goods which the overseas sterling members chiefly require consist of steel, electrical and engineering products which are precisely those whose export from Britain is rendered difficult by the distortion of Britain's economy brought about by rearmament on its present scale. Unless British manufacturers are able to deliver such goods, not merely shall we be exacting forced loans from our own colonies by giving them (as we have been doing) blocked sterling in return for their surplus dollar earnings, but the forcible curtailment of capital investment in overseas sterling territories will frustrate all hopes of the increased sterling area production on which the Finance Ministers apparently rely. Even if dollar aid to backward areas were forthcoming on a large scale, the problem would not be solved unless exporting capacity—at present taken up by rearmament—could be released in British industry.

The new sterling crisis has, it is true, been brought about partly by last year's sharp temporary curtailment in American purchases of raw materials in the sterling area; but it is also due to the serious deterioration in Britain's own balance of payments. This, in turn, has been occasioned in part by the rise in import prices relatively to export prices, in part by the sag in exports as a result of the diversion to rearmament of factories capable of producing the most readily saleable exports, and in part by the revival of Germany and Japan as formidable competitors in markets where the "Korean incident" had in any case led to over-buying. If Mr. Butler presents Parliament with plans for further drastic curtailment of unessential and marginal imports, there will be no grounds for cavilling. What gives us concern is the stress he has laid on the conclusion in the Conference communiqué that "combating inflation" is essential to restore the balance of payments.

If a Government decides to cut imports, it can do it in three ways. It can raise their cost restrictively by devaluing the external value of the national currency—an intention which Mr. Butler has explicity disavowed. It can restrict their quantity by licensing. It can reduce demand for them by higher taxes, wage cuts and credit restrictions—the whole shooting match of a traditional deflationary policy. How far the Chancellor intends to carry such a policy, we have yet to see; but the Labour Party, we trust, is already firmly making up its mind to oppose the indiscriminate application of such methods.

Let us be clear. This country is not suffering from the effects of a general inflation generated within its own economy; it is the victim of a world distortion of production, demand, and prices brought about by Western rearmament as a whole and intensified, in our own case, by the intolerable scale of the programme to which we are committed in circumstances which have become so much less favourable that its execution is less and less practicable. It would, no doubt, be theoretically possible to prevent rearmament from wrecking Britain's balance of external payments by so slashing the standard of living that pressure of imports, despite the deterioration in the terms of trade, would be considerably relieved. But, so far from being even a sensible palliative, such a policy would do more harm than good. Already, in the textile industries, there is a growing recession due to inadequacy of purchasing power at home as well as failing demand and foreign competition abroad. What sense would there be in a deflation whose effect would be to render more looms idle in Lancashire in order to finance the expansion of armament factories whose production is not available for export?

With the proposition that there must be renewed austerity in the admission of marginal imports, we have no quarrel; but, whether the Tories like it or not, the cuts must be selective, retrenchment must be carefully discriminatory. The danger is that, rather than apply a planned system of controls distasteful to Conservative conceptions of "free enterprise," the Cabinet will embark on a course of general deflation, coupled with a new Geddes Axe on the social services, which will not merely be repugnant to social justice but will reverse disastrously the trend of full employment and maximum production which has served Britain well since 1945. It is against such a wrong-headed policy that the Labour Movement must be on the alert.

# The War Against China

"WHAT should the Old Man say to Congress?" I asked one of our most experienced representatives in Washington last week. "I can give you the answer to that one straight away," he replied. "He must make them realise what is obvious enough to you and me—that they can't get the boys home from Korea by a blitz on China. They won't take it from any American, but Churchill could make them see it."

My friend's remark reflected the hope not only of Englishmen in Washington but of a very large number of responsible officials in the Administration, who had been praying that Mr. Churchill would exercise the sobering influence on Congress and the Pentagon of which they themselves are incapable. Though it would be absurd to talk of a "terror", it is certainly true that any independent thinking about America's China policy has been rendered almost impossible by Senator McCarthy and his friends. In the House of Representatives, exactly eight Congressmen have dared to defend Dean Acheson against the charge of being a bad "security risk", whose appeasement policy was directly responsible for the 100,000 American casualties in Korea. The number of Senators who have stood up for the Secretary of State is even smaller. In the State Department, nearly all the old China hands have been purged, because they secretly agreed with the view of the British old China hands; and every decent official, who could, has got himself moved from the Pacific Bureau, leaving policy at the mercy of the kind of official whom Senator McCarthy considers reliably American. The men who control the China lobby—sustained largely by "aid" funds allocated to Chiang Kai-shek and spent in Washington—now exert a moral blackmail sufficient to prevent any American, in or out of government, from expressing "dangerous thoughts" about China.

What is puzzling, at first sight, is that the discomfiture of MacArthur should have been followed by such a complete victory for MacArthurism. At the Senatorial hearings only a few months ago, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Acheson and General Bradley built an overwhelming case against MacArthur's view that the Korean war could be liquidated if only he were permitted an American air blitz against China, combined with the use of Chiang's forces on the mainland. General Bradley described this as "the wrong war at the wrong time with the wrong enemy"; and, as the result of Mr. Attlee's visit, both Mr. Marshall and Mr. Acheson were able to point to the danger of "going it alone"—that is, getting tough with China at the risk of a breach with Britain. But the discomfiture of MacArthur was bought at a very heavy price. In an unsuccessful attempt to clear Mr. Jessup of the charge of appeasement, and so persuade the Senate to approve him as an American representative in the United Nations, Mr. Acheson had to defend the statement that Chinese recognition "had never been considered" in the State Department! Throughout the Senatorial inquiry into the MacArthur affair, indeed, it was the State Department that was in the box, and the MacArthurites who were prosecuting. The verdict against Acheson was "non proven," but from then on he was the prisoner not only of the concessions he had been forced to make to MacArthurism but of his peculiar New England penchant for giving the highest moral tone to the exigencies of American politics.

When Mr. Malik suggested truce talks last July, Mr. Truman, with much too obvious relief, put out both hands and took the proposals to his heart. A truce could win the election for the Democrats and deliver Mr. Acheson from his enemies. Indeed, the only way to defeat the MacArthurites was to liquidate the Korean war without their drastic remedies—that is, by an armistice. On the other hand, there could be no question of the armistice being followed by a peace settlement, since this would involve recognising Communist China and permitting the sacred subject of Formosa to be put on the conference agenda. What the Administration, therefore, has been desperately attempting for six months is a strictly military armistice which (following the Palestine pattern) might settle down into a *de facto* acceptance of the *status quo*. Unfortunately the policies Mr. Acheson has had to condone in Formosa, Indo-China, and now in Burma, in order to prove his Americanism, make it difficult to see why the Chinese should suit his convenience. If, by definition, there is to be no peace settlement, and if the Americans are to go on building up the Nationalists on Formosa, organising their commando raids on the mainland and assisting their armies in Northern Burma, it is obviously to the Chinese advantage to hold down as much as possible of the American Army in Korea—with or without an armistice.

Since last September, two factors have made the Washington atmosphere increasingly explosive. In the first place, American local air ascendancy, which enabled their airmen to drop napalm bombs on half-a-million North Koreans without serious opposition, has ended. The Chinese Air Force has been newly equipped with Russian jets of a type which, it is freely said in the Pentagon, are superior to any American aircraft now in volume production. Americans believe that something is seriously wrong if G.I.s are dive-bombed by enemies who are "lower than barbarians." Moreover, the desultory fighting during the truce talks has cost the American no fewer than 30,000 casualties. With the draft now affecting almost every family in the States, the American public is, quite naturally, sensitive to such casualty lists. That his boy will be sent to Korea is now the dread of every American parent, and there is an almost unanimous feeling that these senseless losses must be stopped somehow. If Mr. Truman cannot stop them by an armistice, the demand for bombing the Manchurian bases will be almost irresistible, and so will the conclusion, which could be fatal to the Democratic Presidential candidate, that General MacArthur was right after all.

The second factor is concerned with the peculiar politics of the Pentagon. The MacArthur affair was a victory for General Bradley against General Vandenberg and the Air Force. For obvious reasons, the Army stands for a policy of tempered toughness. It certainly wants to get the troops out of Korea without loss of face, but it also doubts whether strategic bombing would do the job. After all, a blitz on China, if it failed to induce a Chinese unconditional surrender, might increase the Army's commitments instead of liquidating them. Hence Bradley's opposition to MacArthur and his genuine desire for an armistice. General Vandenberg, on the other hand, is a natural MacArthurite, because he feels that his strategic Air Force was denied a golden opportunity for proving that push-button war could finish off China without the use of troops on the mainland of Asia. The longer the armistice is delayed, the greater the influence of the Air Force in the Pentagon and on Capitol Hill, where Senator Taft has already persuaded himself that the best way to end the war and bring the boys back home would be to blitz the obdurate Chinese into submission.

This is the background against which the Truman-Churchill talks must be judged. In his speech in New York, Mr. Eden explicitly committed this country to support United Nations sanctions against the Peking Government in the event of Chinese aggression in Indo-China. Mr. Churchill followed this up in Congress by a second commitment, "a prompt and effective response" if a Korean truce is achieved and the Chinese violate it. And he added a quite gratuitous commendation to the Americans for building up Chiang's forces on Formosa against the Chinese Communist aggressors.

On their face value, and in the climate of British opinion, these statements may not seem outrageously provocative. Mr. Eden, no doubt, has persuaded himself that, since we can deter Chinese support for Vietnam by threats, we shall never have to honour the promises made to General Juin. And when he was studying with the American generals the various methods of naval and air blockade, Mr. Churchill could argue that he was merely discussing "contingency plans", which did not commit him to any particular line of action. But the mere fact that the British Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary were discussing military action against mainland China, *even as a contingency*, was interpreted, not unreasonably, in Washington as a major change of British policy. After all, Attlee went, without a retinue of military aides, to prevent an extension of the Korean war, and he was prepared to accept unpopularity in Congress in order to achieve it. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden have committed us to sanctions against mainland China, and sat down in conclave with the American Chiefs of Staff to discuss the military action required if the Chinese called our bluff. The difference is unmistakable.

The most dangerous element in the situation is the ambiguity of Mr. Churchill's position. While he has obtained the plaudits of a largely MacArthurite Congress, by appearing to give British backing to the tough policy in China, he has so far limited his public commitments to the principle of resisting aggression, and concealed the specific conclusions of the Staff talks. As soon as Parliament meets, he will have to be more precise. Then he must either disillusion the applauding Congressmen or face the risk of being disowned by the people of this country.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

# London Diary

No LEGAL verdict on the unhappy bus driver who ran over and killed twenty-four small boys can seem anything but silly and irrelevant. It will scarcely effect, one way or the other, the misery of the driver, whose difficult job it will be to continue normal life with such a memory to haunt him. The court's decision merely (and rightly, in my opinion) puts on record a fact which motor drivers often try to forget: that almost every accident is due to the driver's carelessness, in the sense that if he had been even more careful than he was it would not have taken place, or would have been less serious. Beyond that, the law cannot do anything in this tragic business. The basic fact is that we have reached an absurd impasse because foot passengers, buses, horse-vehicles, cyclists, barrows, high-speed cars and lorries, all made for entirely different speeds, are condemned to travel along the same roads.

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I am often accused of simplifying the American scene and talking as if policy is deliberate and Machiavellian, instead of, in fact, the almost accidental results of a vast confusion. I agree about the confusion, but I hold that it is often possible to foresee which policy will emerge. I got into hot water, for instance, for saying that MacArthurism seemed likely to survive the dismissal of MacArthur. Was Acheson then a MacArthurite? they asked. No. But he is now; a highly moral crusading MacArthurite, intent on "punishing" Chinese aggression and harnessing Japan to America's juggernaut. A nice example of confusion looking like decision—or the other way about—is the coercion of Japan into becoming a party to the Western treaty with Chiang Kai-shek. This journal ventured to suggest that this compulsion was really involved in the Japanese Peace Treaty and was told that, according to the terms of the Treaty, the Japanese were free to choose as they liked between Peking and Formosa. These were the words which Mr. Morrison agreed. Now we learn that the State Department intended no such freedom of choice, and that the British should have known that these words were so much diplomatic eye-wash. In that case one is safe to assume that Mr. Morrison will have something to say about being double-crossed by Mr. Dulles.

* * *

Sir Francis Shepherd, whose correct, amiable and quite ineffective correspondence with Mossadeq was published last December, is leaving the British Embassy in Teheran and taking up a post in Europe. I am prepared to bet heavily that the post is Warsaw. His place in Iran was to be taken by Mr. Robert Hankey (son of Lord Hankey) who is a swiftly rising star in the diplomatic firmament. Politically Hankey is of the extreme Right-wing, and the Persians now decline to accept any ambassador who may be expected to have acquired a "colonial" attitude from previous experience. But I doubt if politics really has anything to do with Teheran's refusal. To-day Mossadeq's Government lives on the kudos it gets from insulting the British.

When we speak of "Technical Assistance" we tend to think of big dams or large-scale agricultural developments. A U.N. expert has been telling me of a project of the Food and Agriculture Organisation in Afghanistan which is as simple as it is revolutionary. Afghanistan is mainly mountain and high plateau, vegetation is scarce, and the tribes are pastoral and nomadic. They depend on their flocks and herds as completely as Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Every winter they lose about half their quite valuable sheep (karakul, lamb-fur, is their only dollar-earning export, apart from carpets) because they have no supplementary forage. The Government asked for, and F.A.O. supplied, a team of scythe experts. So Austrians, with experience of cutting grass on the slopes of the Tyrol, have been teaching the Afghans how to make scythes and how to use them to provide winter forage. Another piece of F.A.O. Technical Assistance in Afghanistan was the introduction of the simple hoe.

* * *

I gather too that in Afghanistan D.D.T. insecticide is producing a social revolution. With its help, World Health Organisation doctors have wiped out the malaria mosquito over a whole tract between the Hindu Kush and the Oxus River, on the borders of the U.S.S.R. They have also prevented the annual typhus epidemics in Kabul and Kandahar by dusting everybody, including the well-to-do, with D.D.T. to kill the lice. As a result, people all over the country are organising petitions and demonstrations demanding to be sprayed or dusted! In a country where politics is mainly a struggle between the princely houses or the tribal chiefs, with interventions by the mullahs, this is probably the first time that the popular voice has ever been raised. We may yet see a democracy founded on the demand for D.D.T. Anyway the Afghan Government is now bothered by the problem of finding the insecticide to satisfy their people. As a result of rearmament and stockpiling, the price of D.D.T. has doubled in the last year and the cost of supplies is more than the total budget the Afghans allowed for the whole operation—personnel and all. W.H.O. is getting them D.D.T. at preferential rates and the Children's Aid fund (Unicef) is releasing emergency supplies. So the voice of the people scores an unusual kind of triumph.

* * *

I have just been looking at the documents in the case of Dr. Forrest Wiggins, who has been dismissed from the philosophy department at the University of Minnesota. It seems an unusually clear issue of academic freedom. Dr. Wiggins, a Negro whose views are avowedly Socialist—there has been no suggestion that he was a Communist—has been teaching there for six years. He was given several "merit" increases in salary, and his appointment as assistant professor was repeatedly urged by the chairman of his department. All his colleagues testified to his ability and to his popularity with his students. He has been dismissed for alleged incompetence. Despite the University administration's insistence that "academic freedom is not involved" it appears that at least three members of the State legislature—which controls the State University—admitted that they had asked for Dr. Wiggins to be removed, presumably because they did not like a Negro Socialist teaching in the social sciences. It is an encouraging sign that those who have had most to do with Dr. Wiggins as a teacher are seeking to reverse the decision. But the best thing is the formation of a Student Action Committee, which has the support of nearly all the students, to carry on an active campaign on his behalf. They have already persuaded the big trade unions, the Association of American University Professors, the Civil Liberties Union and the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People to take an interest in the case. This, I am sure, is the right way to ensure a proper investigation; academic freedom is as much a matter for University students as for their professors.

* * *

The National City Bank of New York seems to have set rumours buzzing in the British coal industry. Forecasting that O.E.E.C. will urge a U.S. investment of some two billion dollars over the next four years in enlarging and modernising British and other European coal mines, the Bank's *Monthly Letter* observes: "The proposed decentralisation of the coal industry now run in Britain as a single Government enterprise is expected to produce more flexibility and efficiency." I have no doubt that Sir Hubert Houldsworth and his fellow Board members would be grateful for an American investment which took the form of supplies of steel and certain American mining machinery; and "decentralisation" might be accepted by the N.U.M. without protest if it meant merely redeploying some of the technical experts now centralised in Hobart House, and possibly some greater devolution of responsibility in detailed administration to Divisions and Areas. But of one thing I am quite sure: any attempt to carry out schemes cherished by some Tories for breaking up the coal industry into financially independent, competitive regions would put the fat (and not more coal) in the fire. Not merely is central planning control of investment and development absolutely essential; quite apart from the question of American "intervention," any inroads on the strength of the N.U.M.'s national bargaining power would evoke the most bitter resistance.

* * *

A few shreds of sackcloth, a faint whiff of ashes, may be discovered among the laurels with which the *Literary Supplement* of *The Times* justly celebrates its 50th anniversary. For the paper has very bravely dug out a number of its old mistakes in its jubilee number, which is two-thirds filled with reprints of articles and reviews from 1903 to 1930. Ibsen's last play to *The Apes of God*. Here is *Prufrock* being dismissed in 1917; "his 'poems' will hardly be read by many with enjoyment." Here is Forster's *Longest Journey*, epitomised in 1907 as mainly "amusing." But here, too, are admirably perceptive first impressions of Hopkins and Proust, a discriminating analysis of a book about Cubism in 1913, and a review of *Crome Yellow* which shows the paper's suppleness as well as traditionalism. I was particularly interested in the long and sympathetic article on Keynes's *Economic Consequences of the Peace* and the

warm appreciation of *Kipps* (with all the 700 words of the review in one paragraph!) There are the starred signed articles, by Henry James and Edith Wharton, and it is possible to work out the authorship of some of the reviews from the articles on the history of the paper which gives a good many of the names up to 1930. But even so, the reprinted reviews preserve a remarkable unity of tone: and, what is most significant, assume a unity of culture and of interest in the readers they are addressing, an ideal of the *homme moyen intellectuel* which a reviewer nowadays could scarcely envisage.

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Recently a lady who entered the gallery of Ganymed pictures on the ground floor of this office went to the superb reproduction of Van Eyck's *Marriage of the Arnolfini* and said: "Have you got a picture like this by Dame Laura Knight?" CRITIC

## POLONIUS TO THE NEW WORLD

The wind is up! Once more we brave the gale!
United in such perilous circumstance,
Redoubled ardours bring a double strength.
Occasion quickens mutual interchange,
But these few precepts still in mind we keep—
To be familiar, but by no means mixers,
To give all men our ear, but keep our counsel,
To hear their censure, but prefer our judgment.
The friend we have, and his endurance tried,
We grapple to our soul with hoops of tin,
But do not from new-fledged confederates
Take tenders for true pay, which are not sterling.
We do beware of quarrels, but once in
See that our comrades shall beware of us.
Costly our comforts as our debts can buy,
Our table and apparel plain, not sordid,
Though the Exchequer oft proclaims the gap.
Neither a borrower nor a lender we,
Unless our credit aid both self and friend,
Nor do we stretch the palm of mendicancy
Though alms would dull the pinch of bankruptcy.
This above all—we to ourselves stand true,
And hence it follows, as the night the day,
We cannot sink ourselves in any plan.
And so farewell. I give my blessing free.
(*He steps behind the arras.*)

SAGITTARIUS

## THIS ENGLAND

**Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.**

"There seems to be no code of conduct among young burglars," says Lord Keyes, who will be 33 in March. "In the old days there were gentlemen burglars. The police tell me that some of these older men are seriously disturbed at the way these younger men go on."—*Evening Standard.* (B. E. Bubb.)

The flower trade, however, is still good. Interest in funerals remains as strong as ever in Wales. One of our workers uses all his annual leave for attending funerals. With the new fortnight's holiday he will be able to go to many more.—*Grower.* (Walter Heydecker.)

The British way of life is still the finest in the world—no matter what others may say. Fish and chips are part of that way of life—let's keep it that way.—Letter in *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.* (E. Parker.)

One way to reduce the price of books would be to make them shorter. I consider 250-300 pages the ideal length for almost any type of book.—Letter in *News Chronicle.* (B. H. Smith.)

# In Defence of Purchase Tax

It was to the credit of the public during the General Election that almost nobody took seriously the *Daily Express's* Purchase Tax campaign. Rather more wisdom is likely to come out of the committee under Sir William Douglas, composed of consumers' and producers' representatives and economists, and appointed by the Labour Government last summer to examine some knotty problems of Purchase Tax.

"To tax and to please," said Edmund Burke, "no more than to love and be wise, is not given to man." Those who pay the Purchase Tax do not like it and think that Governments of whatever politics tax, not wisely, but too well. Nevertheless, most complaints about this tax come significantly from the manufacturers rather than the consumers. The Co-operative Movement are almost alone recently in having put forward, genuinely on the consumers' behalf, suggestions which were carefully thought out, disinterested and useful to the Government of the day. It is no accident that the main grumble against the tax comes from the manufacturers, who have sectional interests, rather than the public. For the Labour Party succeeded in gradually transforming the tax from something near to a general sales tax on all consumer goods, at the start, into a highly progressive tax falling much more heavily on luxuries and less-essentials, and much less heavily on near-necessities. This distinction is, of course, the real issue raised by Purchase Tax; and it is perfectly natural that, with a Tory Government, there should be reactionary demands for a reversion to a general sales tax.

It is true of almost all taxes throughout history that the simpler they are to collect, the less fair are they to the taxpayer; and the fairer they are, the harder they are to collect. A simple flat sales tax on all goods, just like a simple flat rate income tax or poll tax, is the tax collector's dream. Indeed, in countries with less administrative skill and honesty than our own, it is often the only practical possibility. Thus, in the years before the birth of the Purchase Tax in 1940, those on the Tory side always wanted a straight sales tax—to "bring it home to the wage earner" what taxation meant—and the Labour Party advocated a more progressive luxury tax.

The Purchase Tax first saw the light of day in the Budget of Sir John Simon in April, 1940—before Labour joined the Coalition—as a flat rate 25 per cent on almost all consumer goods, including not merely all household necessities, but all clothing, boots and shoes (for there were no Utility schemes then), and also newspapers and books. Such a tax falls, of course, proportionately much more heavily on those with smaller incomes. After Labour joined the Coalition in May, 1940, basic changes were made. Children's boots and shoes, newspapers and books, were entirely excluded. Secondly, the flat rate of 25 per cent. was abandoned; and two rates—16⅔ and 33⅓—were applied respectively to less necessary and more necessary goods.

Based on this essential distinction, the tax was gradually transformed throughout the war, and more rapidly under Labour Governments thereafter, into one falling heavily on goods like furs, jewellery, cosmetics, cars and so forth, and lightly, or not at all, on necessities. The biggest single step was, of course, the creation of the Utility schemes, mainly for clothing, textiles, boots and shoes, and furniture, and their entire exemption from tax. Mr. Dalton exempted many necessities and raised the rates on real luxuries to rates of 100 per cent. or over in 1947. In the Budget of 1948 the whole tax was reviewed, and every item put into one or other of four categories: (1) the out-and-out luxuries, including jewellery and furs, at 100 per cent.; (2) less necessary items, at 66⅔; (3) a medium group, at 33⅓; and (4) real working-class necessities—including all Utility goods, and all children's clothing and boots and shoes—exempt. By this time the tax had been altered out of all recognition from Sir John Simon's original regressive weapon, and had become very largely a luxury tax. In Mr. Gaitskell's 1951 Budget a further batch of ordinary household goods such as boot laces, dusters, pins, needles and school satchels were exempted; and only the Defence bill prevented further exemptions.

As a result of all these changes, out of the total £300 million or so raised by the Tax, about £175 million now comes from the less necessary and semi-luxury items, mainly non-utility clothes and textiles, cosmetics, cars, wireless sets and a few others. Much the biggest single block of revenue comes from non-utility textiles. Those who try to suggest that this is a burden on the ordinary household ignore, or conceal, the fact—still genuinely unknown to some—that in the last few years 80 per cent. or 90 per cent. of the clothing, boots and shoes, hosiery, cotton, wool, linen and rayon cloth, sheets and blankets produced in this country have been utility and so tax-free. Therefore, most of the Purchase Tax revenue comes in fact from a small luxury or semi-luxury group of textiles. The complete abolition of the Purchase Tax would thus reduce the cost of living index by a trivial amount—actually by barely 1 point. Indeed the hollowness of propaganda about the Purchase Tax and the cost of living is proved by the fact that those who indulge in it are so often the same people who want to cut food subsidies. If the Purchase Tax were totally abolished, and the amount of revenue lost deducted from food subsidies, the cost of living would immediately rise by at least 7 points. Bread and milk would cost much more, and cars and jewellery much less!

By providing revenue for food subsidies, the Purchase Tax is thus a powerful factor in keeping the cost of living down. Further, by redressing the balance of unequal incomes, the tax has a real secondary usefulness as an instrument of economic policy. Those who do not like physical controls should welcome this alternative "fiscal weapon," rather more clumsy though it be. (And fiscal weapons are almost always clumsier than physical controls.) First, it can be used to restrain home demand for goods, and so release them for export. The classic case here is motor cars, which have borne a 33⅓ per cent. Purchase Tax in the post-war years, during which the industry has built up its remarkable export record of around 80 per cent. of output. For the same purpose, and to prevent excessive use of steel in the home market, the 33⅓ per cent. tax was extended to lorries in 1950, and in the 1951 Budget was raised to 66⅔ per cent. on passenger cars and other metal goods. Again, the tax can be used, as with the 100 per cent. on electric fires since 1947, to restrain excessive demand on electricity supplies; and it is a perfectly legitimate method of damping down home demand for goods which are essential for Defence. For this reason the rates were raised on refrigerators, radio sets, washing machines in the 1951 Budget. I should be surprised if Mr. Butler is wholly unmindful of these factors.

Thus, if one has the courage, this tax can be used for both social and economic purposes. There are, however, bound to be plenty of anomalies.

That should be faced right away. There will be all manner of subtle distinctions and odd lines of demarcation—between, for instance, different kinds of hair-waving gear, and Christmas cards—debate on which often provokes more mirth than light. The most practical way of reducing these anomalies to the minimum is by the accepted arrangement of using Parliamentary Orders for periodic tidying-up operations, and the Finance Bill for changes in policy. In that way, you can apply this sound principle that the general structure of Purchase Tax should be determined as a matter of economic policy, and mainly from the point of view of the general public; whereas minor changes can be carried through where the producers make out a good case of hardship or unnecessary "anomaly," or damage to industry.

Such cases can best be made out, and have been, in concrete argument between the industry or firm and the Customs and Excise (both of whom are the real practical experts); and consequent changes in the tax can, and have, then been made. For instance, in 1948 the tax on clocks and watches and radio sets was reduced from 66⅔ per cent. to 33⅓ per cent., after the Budget, because a case seemed then to have been made out that those industries were suffering from serious over-capacity and shrinking demand. But the final decision must naturally be taken by the Government and the House of Commons, and by no outside body.

DOUGLAS JAY

# Providential

We left Beirut in sunshine; after a last sight of Damascus and the Lebanese hills there was nothing all the way to Baghdad except desert—the original, I'm told, of the "abomination of desolation." I exchanged a few words with my neighbour. He was one of a group of Point Four experts on their way round the world, with Dr. Bennett at their head. They were due to spend a couple of days in Baghdad before going on for Christmas at Teheran. We talked about the trip and agreed that Bangkok would be one of their most interesting stops. . . .

Then I turned to my book, which was Graham Greene's latest, *The End of the Affair*. How well he writes! The woman's diary in the middle is particularly sensitive and convincing. One understands precisely why she is tired of love-making and love-losing, and why she seeks a disinterested and selfless devotion. One sees why God and the priest may well be for her a solution. And then the whole story falls to pieces and deteriorates into crude and phoney propaganda. I do not quarrel with her dying of the cold she aggravates by seeking refuge from temptation in an icy church. I am prepared to believe that she is at this time on the way to becoming a saint, or at any rate a peculiarly loving and noble character. But then the miracles begin. The fever of a dying child is cured in a moment by the touch of an angelic hand. An atheist who has sought to convince her is himself refuted by shedding during a single night the disfiguring birthmark that has blighted his life.

I am not troubled by whether or no such things happen, but by the state of mind that finds its faith fortified by belief in divine favouritism. The recipient of such special intervention would surely hide his head in shame before ordinary sinners who, because they have not met a saint, must watch their children die in the normal way. "Providentially," said the gentleman wrecked in a coach in a thunder storm, "providentially, the lightning struck the box seat." Homer's concept of deity was not dissimilar. The Powers above pick their favourites: this man lives or that one dies as saint or goddess succeeds or fails in her intercession at the throne of mercy.

A few days later I was to leave on the same Egyptian Misrair 'plane with the American Mission for Teheran. The flight was delayed; the weather was bad, and as B., a most knowledgeable British aviation expert, put it to me, that was very sensible. Misrair had so far had no crashes because its pilots usually avoided flying in bad weather, especially on such tricky flights as that to Teheran, where facilities for night landing are primitive, and where, on three sides, a vast wall of lofty mountains falls to within 20 miles of the airport. He advised me to wait for the Iraqi 'plane, which would make the trip with a British pilot two days later. I readily agreed; I was becoming fascinated by Iraq. I had never before known Sheiks or feasted on whole sheep in the desert. Next morning I learnt that the Misrair 'plane had flown, had reached the Teheran airport in cloud and darkness. The pilot had made three attempts to land and then, doubtless intending to return to Baghdad, had turned and crashed into the mountains. Everyone on the 'plane was dead.

It is hard to recall one's feelings accurately at such a moment. Of course there is an exultation in not being dead. But most of all there is a sense of shock, almost of guilt, that one has so narrowly escaped when others have died. Every day when I was in Teheran I looked at the rocks and snowfields where my bones would have been if B. had not crossed my name off the passenger list. "You were lucky," said a journalist. "Give thanks to Allah for your safety," said a Persian. "No," I said, "luck has nothing to do with it. Nor has Allah. I am safe because I knew a man with experience and scientific knowledge. And do not do any Graham Greene Special Providence stuff on me. Am I God's ewe lamb that I should be saved where twenty others die? Am I more precious than the five Americans, the two Germans, the Indonesian journalist and the Iranians, Iraqis and others on that 'plane? Or did God decide to preserve me for future damnation and to take to heaven Dr. Bennett whose special knowledge of soil erosion might seem to be of more service here than in the world above?"

There were other reactions. A servant, an Assyrian Christian, asked me, when he heard of the crash, "How many killed, sir?" I said I believed twenty-one. "Any Christians amongst them?" he asked. "Five Americans," I said. This seemed to stump him. A few Muslims more or less—what did that matter? But about Americans, who might be bringing Point Four with them, he was not sure. In Teheran the journalists wanted to check up the dead. My name had been among the passengers. I explained how I came to survive. I did not then know the lengths to which hatred and unreason went in Iran. The Persian papers had their chance. Every disaster of weather, the failure of the crops, the tragic impetuosity of an Egyptian pilot could all be usefully attributed to the machinations of the British imperialists. So, in effect, said the Teheran newspapers: "There is, of course, more than meets the eye in this so-called accident. Why did the pilot fly in such conditions if it was not by encouragement of the British?" After all, the British would not want any Point Four experts to reach Persia and bring with them some prosperity. If Iran's economic position improved, then Britain's scheme for starving Iran out would be frustrated. And if evidence of Britain's connivance should be required, what could be more damaging than that a British passenger should have been warned by an agent of British imperialism not to fly?"

Superstition takes many forms. This form is simple, but not, it seems to me, more simple or gross than the belief in divine intervention. Both serve to undermine the sense of responsibility for better-ordering the world ourselves. The devilishness of the British in the Persian mind is no different from the devilishness of an arbitary God who decides that I should live while the wives and children of twenty others should mourn. By blaming the British the Iranians avoid the effort to create an honest or efficient government, just as Graham Greene finds an escape from intolerable problems by reviving faith in miracles. And if I, with countless others, am preserved to be killed by an atom bomb, the fault will not be God's, but just the lack of political leaders as expert and far-sighted in public affairs as my friend B. is in matters of aviation.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

# So They Say . . .

From Conrad to Capitol Hill. After the saga of the *Flying Enterprise*, Fleet Street had to do its best with Mr. Churchill's speech to Congress—some papers still depicting figuratively an ominous ground-swell.

The main headlines in the *Daily Mail*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Daily Mirror*, *Daily Graphic*, and *Daily Worker* (less politely than most) dealt with Churchill's suggestion of U.S. troops for Suez. *The Times's* headline was MR. CHURCHILL ON BRITAIN'S "ENDURING STRENGTH," the *News Chronicle* and the *Manchester Guardian* made it STEEL, NOT GOLD, while the *Daily Express* delightedly headlined the speech DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE: EMPIRE WILL NEVER BE A STATE IN ANY CONTINENTAL GROUP.

Speculation prompted other suggestive headlines. BRITAIN AGREES TO BOMB CHINA IF—said the *Express*. ALLIES MAY BOMB BASES IN CHINA, said the *Mail*, claiming that this was "the basis" of Mr. Churchill's statement that he and Truman had agreed on "resolute action."

Descriptions of the scene in Congress were colourful. "Oratory returned to the halls of Congress to-day," began the *Telegraph* correspondent fervently. The *Express* described how Mr. Churchill "barked out" his creed. The *Graphic* said that fifty million Americans watched on television. The *Daily Herald* reduced this to "six million American housewives."

Editorial reaction varied, even from paragraph to paragraph. *The Times* began by saying that America must have felt it was listening to "Old England's genius rough with many a scar"—but then added that "much more has still to be said" on Far East policy. "It would be perilous to deduce . . . that any new threat or setback . . . would mean an automatic engagement of wider war with China . . . the statesmen have still to make unmistakable . . . that they are rid of the illusion that the only answer to every problem is more arms."

The *Express* was worried only by references to joint control of Suez, which it saw as a threat to Empire. The *Graphic* saw hope in the "warning to China," and the *News Chronicle* praised Churchill's "honest, John Bullish, four-square ring." The *Daily Telegraph* asserted that in his remarks on the Far East "there was little to offend his Socialist critics in this country." The *Mirror* that day, however, pointed out with concern that Britain had already suffered a "humiliating rebuff" by Japan's acceptance of "American pressure to cold-shoulder Communist China." On Tuesday the *Mirror* demanded that reports of Britain's agreement to the "bomb China" policy be dealt with swiftly.

Most critical of all editorials, however, was the *Observer*'s. It criticised both the Prime Minister's vagueness on Britain's Far East policy ("Are we wholly concurring with America's support for the Chinese Nationalists in Formosa"?) and his ruling out of any merger of sovereignty, European or Atlantic. "Is the world not ripe," it asked, "for a different system of international affairs?" Awkward questions. AUTOLYCUS

# The Arrow and the Needle

IN Birmingham's public library, catalogued with cynical humour under Shakespeareana, there is a booklet (conjecturally 1885-90) illustrated generously with line drawings of Stratford, Anne Hathaway's cottage and the like. Thus edified, the reader is cunningly led on to the artist's crowning work, a picture of St. George—or is it Robin Hood?—saving a Victorian damsel, not naked, to be sure, but abed in a modest, high-necked night-dress. Into the gaping mouth of the Nightmare Dragon, Bad Needles, the rescuer is about to let fly an Arrow. All gradually becomes clear: the author was a member of a family still famous in needlemaking, and his text, to which the earlier drawings had little relevance, was concerned with the manufacture and merits of Bartleet's "Arrow Brand." Why Arrow, and what had the Bard to do with it? No great enigma. It was along the banks of the River Arrow, which flows at Salford into Shakespeare's Avon, that the making of English needles—at first a cottage craft; then, with the industrial revolution, a factory process—achieved world fame and, at one time, nearly a world monopoly. And there—mechanised largely out of craftsmanship, challenged by foreign competition but still world-renowned—it flourishes round Redditch to-day.

Whether this was its earliest home is disputable. According to legend, the "mystery" of the making of "Spanish" steel needles was brought to England in 1545 by a Moor (Stowe calls him a "Negro"). His secret, the myth runs, died with him; but in Elizabeth's reign the craft was apparently practised and taught in London by a German called Karuse (or Crowse); other craftsmen from the Continent seem to have joined him, and a colony of needlemakers was established in the houses on London Bridge. It became a tight guild. The Worshipful Company got its first Charter from Cromwell in 1656, and had it prudently confirmed by Charles II, eight years later; its code by-laws enacted most severe restrictions on apprenticeship and output. Against this monopoly there was rebellion: needle craftsmen left London for Long Crendon in Buckinghamshire, where a few families—Greenings and Shrimptons, the latter a familiar name in the industry to-day—specialised in large packing and sailmakers' needles until, lacking coal (or even water-power) the Long Crendon makers—"musicians and hard drinkers" by repute—drifted to the Midlands last century. Others migrated from London as far afield as Much Wenlock, where needles were made until 1790, when the gravitational pull of the prosperous mills on the Arrow became too strong.

Conceivably, then, it may have been craftsmen chased by the guild from the metropolis who settled in the Midlands. Another version is that the lay brothers of Bordesley Abbey, near Redditch, learned needlemaking from their fellow-Cistercians at Tintern (long famed for fine metal and wire-drawing work) and set up locally as craftsmen when Bordesley surrendered to the King in 1538—thus outdating the London guild. They enjoyed perhaps the protection of the great Catholic families, like the Throckmortons, who dominated this corner of Warwickshire and Worcestershire. However that may be, an old treatise published in 1852 by M. T. Morrall (another famous needlemaking name) makes it clear that it was along the Arrow that the factory system first arose—with the traditional pattern of yeoman "capitalists" and outworkers. There is mention of a mill, worked by horses, for "pointing and scouring," at Studley in 1700; soon after came Hemming's water-mill at Sambourne and the Washford Mills, owned by the Milwards; and later, nearby, the mill belonging to Michael and Abel Morrall. Some of the "putters-out" of work seem to have been publicans, whose inns gave nicknames (still current) to later factories.

From Morrall's booklet and extant old engravings one can reconstruct a picture of the 18th-Century trade. At the mill, the outworkers received packets of soft steel wire which had been straightened by rolling in ring-clipped bundles, cut into shafts each the length of two needles, and pointed by dry-grinding at each end. In the cottage, the shafts were cut by shears into needle lengths; one end was flattened by a hammer and pierced by a hand-punch; the "gutters" elongating the eye were then shaped with a saw-edged knife, the aperture smoothed off, the head filed and the (still soft) made needle again straightened by rolling, hardened and tempered. The packets were then returned to the mill for "scouring"—of which more later. Apart from the fact that the quality of the work varied tiresomely from the "masters'" standpoint, the process was painfully slow; and in 1811 the Morralls devised a method whereby identical dies, super- and under-imposed and driven by a "kick-stamp," foot-operated lever-hammer, pressed the shape of two gutters at the centre of the shaft, after which little boys "eyed" the two (still joined) needles with a hand-press. A double row of needles (say, 200) was then "spitted" by flat wires drawn through the eyes; the "splashes" (caused by the stamp) round the eyes were ground off; the shafts were then broken in two, each segment held in a "clam", and the heads ground. After that they were ready for "hard-straightening" by hammer-taps, scouring and finishing.

Thus was the factory system developed, and a cruel business it was. Written apparently a few years later than Morrall's treatise, an industrial history whose authorship I cannot place (having been lent only an extracted chapter) records that the grinders died mostly before the age of 35: "pointer's rot"—*i.e.*, silicosis—finished them off after six or seven years' work, sitting on wooden "horses" before the dry grind-stones. But then, the author observes, they were "illiterate and dissipated" men who refused to use the safety masks invented in 1821—their argument being that if the work was less dangerous the masters would cut their wages! They were, no doubt, a tough lot (even to-day Redditch has a reputation for paying scant respect to the Ten Commandments) and, well into the 19th Century, the area was notorious for deep drinking, cock-fighting and bear-baiting. In 1830 there was riotous machine-wrecking; and in 1846, after a union had been formed, there was a strike against conditions, although pointers' earnings then were from £2 to £6 a week—big money in those days. A skilled craft needlemaking may have been; but when one reflects on the grinders dying with dust-filled lungs at 30, the girls who were set to work, from 1825 onwards, endlessly reamering the burr from the eyes (their "attitude", says my anonymous author, "is constrained") and the children who "sorted" the finished needles by pressing a rag-wrapped forefinger against a stack, so as to pick up, by painful selection, the pointed ends—well, should one deplore the mechanisation of the 20th Century?

At Studley, in the largest group of mills—an amalgamation of old firms now known as Needle Industries Ltd.—you may see the process begin, right from the start, with the drawing of 80 per cent. carbon steel rods into soft (and carefully demagnetised) wires. The practice, however, with most firms is to buy the drawn wire ready-cut and straightened into shafts; and it is at this point that needlemaking proper begins. First, as in old days, comes the double pointing; but every particle of the fiery dust is now extracted from the grinding machines by suction fans, and the fatal "asthma" is long since a thing of the past. Then the shafts are stamped and eyed by "combines" which turn out 760 a minute; they are fitted with dies so hard and clean-cutting that the need for subsequent reamering by "constrained" girls is eliminated. After that, the central "splash" is ground away, and the shafts are broken by hand (an odd survival; but one girl breaks 2 million a week) and fed automatically into head-grinding machines. Such, at least, is the process for standard "round-eyed" hand sewing needles. Large needles for packers, upholsterers and so forth are fed singly by hand into power-presses (at one Redditch mill I saw "kick-stamp" hammers still in operation), and in the case of "long-eyed" needles the old process of "spitting" and hand grinding the "splash" is still required. (Here let me record the cheerfulness and patience with which an old man, blinded as the result of an accident, was "spitting" in the British Needle Company's "Argosy" mill at Redditch: I wish he could read this salute to his philosophy and courage.)

At this stage the needle, curved by a hand-press if its use so requires, passes to the hardening and tempering shop. There, batches are cooked red-hot in iron "muffles," plunged in cold oil, (water immersion went out in 1840), reheated for tempering, and straightened—no longer by hand, but by wheels rotating in a gas-jet. Then, as in 1700, thousands of needles are laid in wrappings laced up like roly-poly puddings with an abrasive mixture of soft soap and emery powder. These puddings are rolled and squeezed between heavy moving "plattens" much as if the top half of a cheese-press slid backwards and forwards, until the jostling needles have scoured and polished each other. The process used to take 50 hours—a period now reduced to 12-16 hours, thanks to fine grinding and the elimination of "scale" in hardening. Then, after "sorting" and inspection, the needles are nickel-plated. Some are afterwards picked up, point on top, by a moving belt of magnets which draws the hanging heads gently along the surface of a gold-plating belt. In the "sorting," after careful drying in elm sawdust, the rag-wrapped fore-finger has given place to an ingenious balancing wheel from which the needles tumble, heads all one side. Inspection is still by eye—an arduous job. All that remains is the "putting up"—packeting, or the arrangement of assorted sizes "pin-stuck" in paper or cloth and wrapped, often with a transparency to show the heads. In this, many pairs of hands, supplemented by machines of ingenuity beyond my powers of description, are required.

Surviving skills? Deft fingers, obviously, are called for whenever needles—horrid, mulish objects—have to be handled; and the machine-setters are highly trained engineers. There is need for the old "know how" in the finishing by hand of specialised needles for surgeons, pearl

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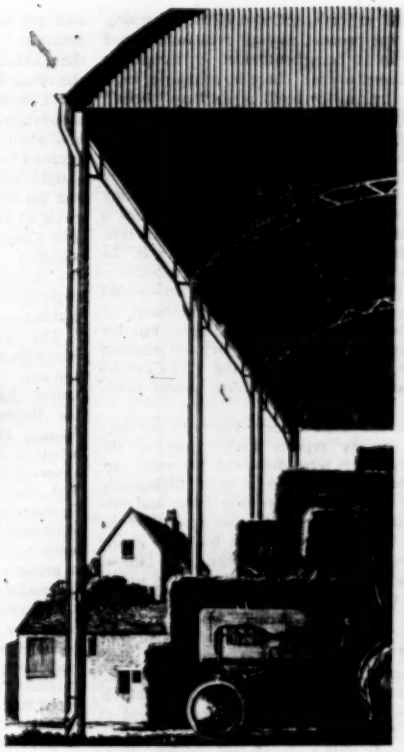

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threaders and so forth, and also in the hardening and tempering process, though even here proud craftsmanship is being outmoded by automatic vibrating tunnel ovens. There is, of course, high skill in the making by hand of the tiny "hobs" from which the dies are cut. But here again the call for perfection of handicraft in the making of infinitesimal shapes—so small sometimes as to be visible only under a magnifying glass—is being lessened by marvellous automatic graving machines which "gear down" replicas from a large prototype. But then, an industry which now exports annually to almost every country in the world about 1,250m. of hand sewing needles—say, 80-85 per cent. of its total production—would hardly have reached its present dimensions, or served a basic social need so cheaply, but for the inventiveness of British and German machine toolmakers. In the days of the 17th-Century guild monopoly a needle was really almost worth its weight in gold.

As it is, the trade to-day illustrates the way industrial history repeats itself. Just as the London craftsmen were dispersed 300 years ago, so there has been a dispersal of needle-making machinery to Japan and the Far East; and just as the Redditch-makers, 150 years ago, killed the repute of the lingering London trade by giving their cheapest products the then still famous "*Whitechapel—25 for a Penny*" label, so to-day a genial Chinese gentleman in Hongkong is marketing needles in packets whose make-up sedulously imitates that of English brands. The eyes (as I could see under a magnifying lens) may be imperfect, but the price, with rice-fed labour, is shockingly competitive. Redditch, Studley and Alcester may yet need the aid of a political St. George to aim an Arrow, as in Mr. Bartleet's book, down the jaws of the Nightmare Dragon, Cheap Foreign Needles.

*Studley, January.* AYLMER VALLANCE

# The Curtain Fell

(*By a Scottish Correspondent*)

LIKE the Pillars of Wisdom, the cinemas of Kilmarnock used to be seven in number. One of them, despite twice-weekly changes of programme and variety turns, closed its doors, leaving a variety less void between its highly respected neighbours—the Borough Surveyor on one side, the Town Chamberlain on the other. The landlord was the Town Council; and in the best traditions of British gradualism the derelict was successively repaired, cautiously renovated, and then entirely reconstructed. Was it because the hitherto illicit joys of Theatre had been brought within the reach of "Toon Cooncils" by the 1948 Local Government Act which allowed even the canny Scots to levy nearly fivepence on the rates for Civic Entertainment? At what point in Kilmarnock the repair of a derelict cinema became the conscious construction of a Civic Theatre it is difficult to say. None the less, however gradual and lacking unanimous agreement among the Baillies, the purpose grew: a Director was recruited from the South; carpenters and painters finished their work; and a beautiful little theatre, complete with a foyer in which the local Art Club might exhibit, was ready for the first production—that of the Kilmarnock amateur operatic company—followed by the amateur one-night shows which the Council desired should mark the town's contribution to Festival year.

Their appetite for drama thus whetted, the Councillors were insistent that professional productions should follow during the summer and not await the more propitious evenings of autumn. Realistically, the Director presented the Council with a memorandum emphasising the obstacles to be overcome, stressing the need for a local Supporters' Club, and forecasting a substantial loss in the first years' working—a loss which might be reduced if the theatre had a licensed bar. Even so, he urged that the Council should form a non-profit-making company to run the theatre so that it might enter the blessed circle of those entitled to Arts Council largesse. The Council "took note" of the memorandum, which it considered unduly pessimistic; rejected the demon drink; endorsed the Town Clerk's opposition, on legal grounds, to the non-profit-making company; and passed on to other matters.

The result was not surprising: the first, hurriedly improvised, professional show was not a success. Troubles abounded: an artiste under notice lobbied a Baillie for reinstatement; the Baillie lobbied other Councillors; Baillies waited, like stage-door Johnnies, to question artistes; leading players complained that a Councillor had noised abroad their salaries; and the company was divided into warring factions—all this against the background of poor audiences and critical press notices. Within a few weeks of the theatre's professional opening, a group of Labour Councillors and Baillies requisitioned a special council meeting to discuss the "crisis."

It may be that the Director's policy in trying to emphasise the "civic" nature of the theatre had been ill-judged. Kilmarnock had had a "civic" restaurant, whose alleged mismanagement had been used by the Tories to capture the Council from Labour. With a Tory majority now in power, the "civic" theatre's difficulties provided a heaven-sent opportunity for political tit-for-tat. That may be a cynical explanation of the Labour Opposition's attitude in the Council. What is factual history is that they used the special meeting to attack the whole project, notwithstanding the fact that many of their rank-and-file supporters, at a meeting of the Trades Council, had pledged full support for the Civic Theatre, and that it was the Act of a Labour Government which had made such entertainment possible. Ironically, the Scottish press, seizing on the theatre's losses (which Labour Councillors had magnified by adding in many non-recurring items of initial expenditure) wrote cheerfully of "another failure of Socialist municipal enterprise"—regardless of the fact that it was run by a Tory Council!

For the moment, the Civic Theatre was reprieved. A Supporters' Club was formed, to which many trade union branches—though not the officials of the Kilmarnock Labour Party—declared themselves anxious to affiliate; and both productions and audiences improved. But the theatre never really recovered from the disastrous public mangling it had received at the Council's special meeting. To go to the theatre or stay away became a political decision complicated by Catholic *versus* Free Mason loyalties. Elderly workers, with their half-forgotten links with a culture fostered by a W.E.A. class and Labour College, became staunch, if critical, partisans, and the cheap seats stayed as full for Shaw and Synge as for the Summer Concert Party. Moreover, at the other end of the social scale, in the orchestra stalls, there would be a sprinkling of well-to-do industrialists with a taste for play-going. In between these two groups, a great gap yawned. Finally, in defiance of Arts Council advice and vigorous protests from the Supporters' Club and the local press, the Council decided to renounce their cultural creation: the theatre was let to a commercial management for twice-nightly variety. The Council had thought better—or, perhaps, one should say "thought worse"—of its original imaginative step in giving Scotland its first professional Civic Theatre. It had been a step worthy of a town that blends good whisky and first presented to the world the printed poems of Robert Burns.

# History of a Near Conversion

ABOUT a century ago, the sea mysteriously rolled back along a small stretch of the coast of South-West Wales. The process, continuing at the rate of a few yards annually, took about twenty years to complete. By that time, sand-banks had surfaced like prehistoric monsters, cutting off the shipping from a certain estuary. The shepherds gave them such poetic names as Silk-Back and Little Silver Turtle, and looked down from the turf of the cliff-tops upon an awe-inspiring vision of wrecked ships being slowly absorbed by immaculate sand. As a result of this withdrawal of the waters, a number of men who had lived by the sea were stranded ashore, and plunged into a life so different from what they had known that they might as well have been cast away on the coast of Papua. From the relative timelessness of the seafaring life, they found themselves marooned in the Victorian epoch. The sea's pulsation of boredom and melodrama now gave way to a slow-paced and calculating existence based upon the land's regular yield of revenues and percentages. What had been the virtues—the swaggering liberalities—of ships and ports, suddenly became vices. Most of the disinherited sailors and fishermen were unable to adapt themselves and sank quickly from view in the tradeless dregs of humanity in the towns.

My grandfather, still young enough to change his ways, and seeking salvation in commerce, hit upon a bright idea. With the fresh eye of a newcomer, he had noticed on fair days in the local county town a category of visitors who spoke an outlandish brand of Welsh and dressed in sheepskins. He learned that these were farmers from the remote hills. His interest, awakened by strictly practical motives, ante-dated that of ethnologists by about sixty years. He was not in the slightest concerned with legends conserved intact from prehistoric Asia, but did learn that these people lived exclusively on boiled mutton and water, because they were too shy to go into shops. It was with a sense of virtuous achievement that, having raised enough money to buy a small stock of groceries, he contacted these tribal remnants in their distant valleys and introduced them to the tea-drinking habit. The enterprise proved so successful that he was soon able to open a shop in the town, but was warned that, if he expected to do business with the townspeople as well as his shy tribesmen, he must join one of the religious communities.

There was no possibility of error in making a choice; a man's brand of nonconformity being determined by the size of his establishment. Grandfather's slender capital entitled him to membership of an austere sect named after a village in Palestine, peopled by a Samaritan minority some two thousand years ago. The services were conducted in classical Welsh, only partially intelligible to the congregation, who spoke the language in a debased form. Expression of individual religious emotion was en-

couraged, and usually took the form of muffled cries of ecstacy. The singing of the hymns, which were chanted with tremendous fervour, was led by a Precentor and four deacons, bearded like Assyrians, who occupied the front bench and who rose and turned to face the congregation when the hymn was announced. They were chosen for the power of their voices and their economic solidity. My grandfather was raised to the office of Precentor while still in his thirties—an unprecedented achievement. No doubt he felt by this time that the process of his sea-change in reverse had been completed. All the members of Kedesh were his customers, and he had become independent of the strange, sensitive creatures upon whom his prosperity had been founded.

No society has ever existed offering subtler rewards for effort than this. The end—prestige; the envy and respect of one's fellow citizens—was only to be approached by the most indirect methods. The rumour of wealth was essential, but it might not be flaunted by the conspicuous display of the Anglo-Saxons. The existence of money was sensed, and received its proper acknowledgment through quite indefinable organs of public intelligence. It was as if the gold coins in their coffers emitted a sweet savour, an odour of sanctity to which those linked together in spiritual kinship were mystically sensitive. There was only one exception to the sumptuary regulations imposed by strict Nonconformist custom. The rich man might build himself a large, dark house. My grandfather selected one in what was called a terrace. It was occupied otherwise exclusively by Councillors Here on Sundays, when Kedesh had released him, he practised his voice in hymns collected in the Baptist hymnal under the heading "Conflict and Victory," fed the jackdaws, and relaxed with a bottle of whisky and the sweet sound in his ears of the old church bells chiming.

Soon after this, he deserted the Welsh chapel, no member of which ever spoke either to him or his wife again, and joined the Baptists, who repeated their formulæ of worship in the English language. It was the logical and, in fact, conventional step. He found that he greatly missed the position of Precentor although he sung in the choir, resenting the presumptuous assistance of the chapel's harmonium. The Baptist atmosphere was more restrained, and the hymns less fiercely martial than those of Kedesh, but there were still moments of emotion, although in a lower key, when the pastor struck a dramatic note in his discourse and the congregation mumbled in agreement, "Yes, yes," and tried to weep. The Baptists were the cream of the town's businesspeople, and they were good spenders. My grandfather soon moved to larger premises. By now the fires of ambition must have been burning in his soul's recesses like one of those steady and economical systems producing considerable heat with little apparent flame. At the back of his mind glimmered a goal towards which he was groping cautiously. By the will of the people he had become Councillor, but only through the esteem of his fellow-Councillors could he scale the final peak to become the leading citizen.

Pride often proves a rein to ambition. The other Councillors held their position by right of birth, members of land-owning families supported automatically by their tenants; exclusive and powerful Brahmins in an untouchable world. His next-door neighbour, who held a big interest in a coal-mine, was one of these men. My grandfather, clad in black broadcloth and standing among his cabbages, viewed with stern distaste this finished Anglo-Welshman, a tweeded figure in a setting of frivolous lawns and flower-beds who pursed his lips to bleat English, learned in England, from the roof of his mouth. This was the popinjay he must emulate. It meant the renunciation of the blustering self-sufficiency, the "plain man" affectation which is often the comfort of such as he. It called for the elimination of all those tags and scraps of Welsh with which his speech was loaded by way of a tribute to respectable nationalism.

This much, perhaps, he could laboriously achieve. But there was a graver obstacle. The councillors were all members of the Church of England, and no Nonconformist could ever hope to hold the office of mayor. In this part of the world for a man to marry a wife from a different Nonconformist sect involved both persons in the equivalent of excommunication. To go over to the Church of England itself was, therefore, a tremendous move, something more like conversion to a different faith. My grandfather felt that, if he could cross the great divide of religion, he had the energy and determination necessary to crash his way through all the other obstacles.

One dark Sunday night, therefore, in the depths of winter, he made an experiment. Descending guiltily from a curtained brougham at the Church's door, he entered quickly and seated himself in a pew at the back, noting with relief for the moment the protection of its walls, but with disapproval the excessive privacy of the Anglo-Saxon arrangements for public worship. At the sight of the flowers on the altar, he angrily muttered the word "paganism." The parson raced into the evening prayer, devouring in his rapid professional monotone the opening sentences and exhortation, of which no distinguishable word reached the back pews. It was followed by the General Confession; a voiceless droning of penitents. My grandfather came to life when the first hymn was announced; "Soldiers of Christ! arise, and put your armour on." With the rest, he stood.

The small, distinguished congregation was sprinkled about the pews in the front of the church, and in the discreet position in which he had placed himself he could see no harm in joining in the singing of his favourite hymn. Expanding his lungs to their fullest, he prepared to release the harmonious bellow which, in the Baptist chapel, drew the envious glances of his customers and fellow-worshippers. But at that moment a roar burst from the organ, quickly swelling into a crescendo; a torrent of sound in which the most powerful human voice was easily extinguished. My grandfather's mouth shut, and he stared with amazed repulsion at this mechanical monster which had silenced him so effectively. He slipped away before the end of the service, his decision already taken. The inhumanity of the organ's *vox humana* had been the last straw. He felt that the sacrifice called for was too great.

The next-door neighbour became the next mayor, and my grandfather cut off the vision of his triumph by the planting of a thick hedge which, assiduously watered and manured, soon reached a good height. As for himself, having put aside greatness, he returned to the tranquil enjoyment of his jackdaws and his bells. From this time on he never spoke English again if he could help it; but, owing to his small Welsh vocabulary, there was a stark and misleading simplicity in all his utterances. He had the satisfaction for the rest of his business-life of retaining the loyal custom of over four hundred substantial Baptists, whose loss in the event of his defection to the Church of England would have been painful indeed. On the occasion of his secret visit to the Church of St. Matthew, he had counted less than fifty persons present.

NORMAN LEWIS

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We have waited a long time for our English *Wozzeck*; but the wait has been rewarded by a performance which is musically of the first order. It was lucky that Erich Kleiber should have been available to conduct at Covent Garden the opera which he first brought to life at Berlin in 1925. Dr. Kleiber's influence on the forces under his command is always both inspiring and reassuring; if he exacts a high standard at rehearsal, he disseminates on the night of performance an air of competence and calm. Under his guidance, the orchestra played Alban Berg's intricate score as though they had been familiar with it for years, caressing the slender wisps and tendrils of melody, and preserving that sensuous beauty of sound without which the composer's intention cannot be realised. Since it is to the orchestra that Berg has confided the gist of his argument, the excellent orchestral playing compensated for certain drawbacks in casting and production which might have proved more serious in another opera.

Everyone in the audience, according to Berg himself, "should be filled only by the idea of the opera, an idea which far transcends the individual fate of Wozzeck." He does not specify what he means by "the idea of the opera," but I take it to be the same as the fundamental idea of Büchner's play: that is to say, a passionate sympathy with the pitiful dregs of humanity, coupled with an ironic contempt for the heartless or foolish personages who treat human beings as mere ciphers. Though Büchner had strong revolutionary sympathies, he allowed no crude propaganda to mar his play; even the unsympathetic characters, such as the Captain, the Doctor and the Drum-major, are presented as fatuous, distraught or slightly mad, rather than as mere villains. Over one and all there broods the shadow of fate; these are doomed souls moving helplessly through a haunted landscape.

This essential idea was realised to some extent in the Covent Garden production, but by no means altogether. What was mainly wanting was pathos, and this was largely due to Christel Goltz's tough conception of the part of Marie. Marie has lived with Wozzeck for three years, and borne him a child; she is a poor creature, her head is easily turned by the attentions of the Drum-major; but she is not heartless, since she is capable of pity and remorse. Christel Goltz, sprawling across the table or lunging menacingly towards the child, turned her into a hard-boiled garrison tart. By an unhappy coincidence, her Drum-major (Thorsteinn Hannesson) evinced a comical lack of virility in a part which demands little else, so that the scene of her seduction by him made a topsy-turvy effect. Mme Goltz sings well enough, attacking cleanly the formidable high notes with which her part is sprinkled, but her lack of pathos made the exquisite Bible-reading scene much less touching than it ought to be, and she has not yet succeeded in making her English words audible. The singer I should like to hear in this part is Patricia Neway.

Though Mme. Goltz is to sing at all performances, there is a double cast for the other leading parts. Marko Rothmüller was the Wozzeck on the first night, and gave a most distinguished performance. He knows how to keep still on the stage, and for most of the time he suggested by his stance and expression the mute suffering of a beast of burden. His movements, when they came, were nervously unpredictable: sometimes as slow as the Captain demanded, more often spasmodic and hurried. There was a memorable instant when, with quiet dignity, he slowly turned his head to look at his unkindly taunting superiors. His words were clear, his outbursts impressive, and whenever Berg gave him a chance he used his clear and resonant voice to great effect. It cannot be pretended, however, that the voice parts of *Wozzeck* offer much musical pleasure. Of course, one would rather hear any notes sung by a good than by a bad voice; but much of the vocal writing is almost impossible to execute accurately, and few exponents of the Captain and the Doctor attempt much more than a rough approximation to the indicated notes. Parry Jones made a highly effective, grotesque Captain, rather too free perhaps with his falsetto; and Frederick Dalberg had composed a brilliant picture of the monomaniac Doctor. The minor parts were well done, though I should have liked a more lyrical Andres than Edgar Evans, since it is to this character that most of the melodic snatches are given.

Covent Garden, which has so often employed a "wild" producer for straightforward repertory works, played unexpectedly safe by entrusting *Wozzeck* to Mr. Sumner Austin. Perhaps it was anticipated that Dr. Kleiber, who knows all that there is to know about *Wozzeck*, would largely produce it himself; and, given a young and opinionated producer, that a clash would be bound to arise. As it turns out, the production is rather dull and lacks tension at several vital points, notably in the beer-garden, in the guard-room at the entrance of the Drum-major, and in the low tavern scene of the last act; in general, the individual characters are firmly produced, but the crowd scenes are unimaginatively handled. Caspar Neher's sets are striking, if less successful than one might have hoped from his wonderful designs for *Macbeth*. His exteriors are good, especially the scene by the pond; for his interiors he has adopted a roofless, air-raid-shelter construction, with the city towers visible in the background; this scheme facilitates the rapid changing of scenes but is awkward for such a locale as the Doctor's study.

The translation, by Eric Blackall and Vida Harford, is extremely successful but for a few phrases which would probably defeat anyone. *Sprechgesang*, that unsatisfactory half-way house between speech and song, is a German invention and is apt to sound odder still in any other language; but this was not the fault of either the translators or the singers—three of whom were, in any case, wrestling with a foreign tongue. One of the objects of *Sprechgesang* is presumably greater audibility; and it is of the first importance to make the words of *Wozzeck* tell right through the house. Even with limited audibility, and with the occasional stage drawbacks I have mentioned, the opera evidently still exerts its old hypnotic power. Argument will long rage as to the status of this fascinating *cul-de-sac* of the German lyrical stage; but whether we call it tragedy or melodrama or, more unkindly, Grand Guignol, we must be hard of heart if we refuse a tear to this fantastic elegy on the poor in spirit.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

## TELEVISION NOTES

Television has I think, reached its maximum output in hours per day for my taste, though an alternative programme at night would be welcome. I hope quality in scripting and professionalism in presentation lie at the root of the New Year resolve of everyone concerned with the day-to-day production of programmes—the kind of professionalism with which Richard Dimbleby interviewed Captain Carlsen, putting both him and us at our ease, and at the same time getting the best interview out of him in the few minutes allowed. Dimbleby never confuses amateurishness with informality; indeed, informality should always be shapely and disciplined. There was a very welcome professional quality in one of Eric Barker's recent programmes (January 16). He was using the framework of television with a discretion I admired, and his kind of humour is quietly effective because it is intimate and yet retains character.

On Ted Kavanagh's new show, with puppets, *It's a Small World*, I would like to reserve my opinion till the series is well launched. I enjoyed the first programme, but was not quite sure of what I will call its entertainment point. The idea seems good and the puppets were excellent, but the satire on the puppet civil servants could surely be sharper than it was, and yet still remain primarily just fantastic fun.

It was also a good idea to do the outside broadcasts on Westminster Abbey and the Manchester Docks. But owing to the limitations on camera-movement and lighting, a certain sameness, or absence of real climax, begins to steal over these programmes after fifteen minutes or so. In terms of effective presentation, producers have to choose between the interest values of immediacy on the one hand (the things being seen and said are all happening *now*) and the values of a more carefully developed and more varied form of production prepared beforehand on the film cutting-bench. The larger panoramas of the Abbey and the Docks, sometimes repeated over and over again, were not really effective enough pictorially to sustain and develop our interest—specially shot film would surely be better, cut in with longer "spot" interviews in which the work being done is described in human terms. The outside broadcasts from Bertram Mills's Circus and the Christmas Pantomimes on ice I thought were particularly well presented, with many strikingly beautiful shots. I think the ice-ballets really provide the most spacious pictorial effects that I have seen on small-screen television.

Among the month's documentary programmes I give pride of place to the first of Andrew Miller-Jones's new scientific series, *The Limits of Human Endurance*. Here again, the mixture of film, outside broadcasts, studio demonstrations, spot interviews and straight talk could have been untidy and ill-timed (amateur, in fact) had it not all been bound together with a most professional sense of continuity. Dr. Stephen Taylor, as master of ceremonies, was sound and authoritative, though perhaps he could have been a little warmer to us, his audience. The idea behind this programme was first-class journalism—it combined the dramatic tension of a good story with the educational value of giving us information about an unusual and exciting branch of knowledge—how much the human body can stand in rarefied atmospheres and in conditions of high pressure below water, and what happens to our minds when subjected to these conditions.

A very good start to a documentary series was given by the first programme in *Roof over your Head*, produced by Peter de Francia, in which the plan for rebuilding the centre of Coventry was discussed and demonstrated by models and films. Another new series is *Current Release*, which will give excerpts from current feature films and occasional interviews with the film-makers concerned. The first programme, produced by W. Farquharson Small, was done pleasantly and informally, with the amusing device of taking us behind some imaginary scenes in an office and a film cutting-room, as if the programme were being made up as we went along, with the girl secretary, as usual, seeing that things went smoothly.

Of the dramatic presentations, I enjoyed most Fred O'Donovan's production of J. B. Priestley's familiar comedy *When We Are Married*, W. P. Rilla's production of Fry's *Sleep of Prisoners* (which, with its careful superimpositions and sense of other-worldliness I found more effective than I did when I saw the play last year in St. Thomas's Church, Regent Street), and that fast-moving American comedy of life in a star-laden theatrical family, Kaufman's and Ferber's *Theatre Royal* which was produced by Eric Fawcett.

There is no adequate space left to discuss the partial success of Christian Simpson's excitingly ambitious production of *The Sleeping Beauty*. He used a set which seemed over-elaborate for both dancers and cameras (for it was often difficult to see any detail); the many shots looking down from above on both *pas de deux* and ensembles were as a result much more effective for depth than those at eye level. These programmes of ballet are among the most impressive television is giving us.

ROGER MANVELL

## THE MOVIES

### "The Outcast of the Islands," at the Plaza
### "Phone Call from a Stranger" and "Royal Journey," at the Odeon

How good, exactly, is Mr. Carol Reed? A new film of his is an event, an increasingly rare event. More and more one expects of him, and one finds —I won't say less and less, but disconcerting limits. *The Third Man* seemed to me by far his most brilliant film; so prodigal in excitement, paradox, and visual cunning that even what was overdone contributed riches. The camera-work and the musical accompaniment alone brought about a magical convergence. They fascinated, they gilded the lily. The uncertain ground of the thriller that is a little more than a thriller became even more equivocal. *The Third Man* wasn't at all a film to think about, to twist over in the imagination, but its immediate flourishes—even at a second and third viewing—were engrossing. Art, skill, bluff, hard-headed opportunism, and a knock-'em-down virtuosity shared equally in its success. Here, one decided, was either a great virtuoso or a great artist, like Ravel with his "Bolero," gleefully setting out to bash the public.

And now, with *The Outcast of the Islands*, Mr. Reed seems not quite to be either. He doesn't dazzle, and he doesn't fulfil. Whether (after Graham Greene) Conrad bewitched him with too subtle a literary intoxication we can't tell; and in the cinema live dogs are worth more than dead lions any day. Witness the failures of *Hamlet*, *Anna Karenina*, *Miss Julie*, *Tartuffe*, etc. Not that Mr. Reed is so remote from his original as some of these. But he and his script-writer—W. E. C. Fairchild—have found themselves in the usual predicament of the adaptor; at moments they are too literal, at other moments they lose touch fatally with their source. In general their method with Conrad has been to water down and speed up, to jollify, to make decorous. Half-caste wives are whitened, conflicts of will become a gun shoved in a back, going native involves the launching of a new film star (the beautiful and speechless Kerima), eccentricities of character take on a farcical tinge, and Conrad's brooding sense of mystery and justice slides away into powerful melodrama. The two chief characters—the imperial Captain Lingard and his pretender Willems, who cheats and is crushed, less because he is wicked than because he is weak—are simplified here into a grand old salt (Sir Ralph Richardson) and a capering ne'er-do-well (Trevor Howard). Their ultimate confrontation is stark cinema, though immeasurably below the novel's long finale. Mr. Reed in fact has taken all the music out of his original—the warring of destinies, the Sibelian feeling for landscape—and put in its place brisk local colour and a rather obvious drama of betrayal. Little trace of the virtuosity that poured gin into *The Third Man* will be encountered here; and yet, if we had never seen a Carol Reed film before nor read a Conrad novel, *The Outcast of the Islands* might seem to us exciting and touched with originality. Exciting indeed, with its scenery and its story it certainly is; Borneo and Ceylon do the eye proud; the native life has been culled with a sharp journalistic eye; and a distinguished cast carry off mistakes (Robert Morley's comic Almayer, for example) with an air. But for all that it is an unsatisfying film. Too big a bluff, this time, too little art. And—this is what I vulgarly miss—no flourish.

The script-writer of *Phone Call from a Stranger*, Mr. Nunally Johnson, was also the producer; which may explain both its deficiences and its slickness. A man running away from his wife meets in an aeroplane three strangers; their lives also are tangled; aeroplane crashes; the three are killed, and the one goes on to disentangle their situations and incidentally his own. So much of the film depends on dialogue that the script-writer has developed a mania for mishaps: two aeroplane crashes, one car crash, one swimming accident, so that when life histories aren't being prised out, we hurry between the airport and the hospital. The hero comes off lightly with a bandaged hand. Miss Bette Davis, paralysed in bed, causes a wise old flutter near the end. *Royal Journey* commemorates in pleasing Technicolor the recent visit to Canada, and as such records go could hardly be better.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

### Original Ballet Russe, at the Adelphi Theatre

The Original Ballet Russe has moved from the Festival Hall to the West End where, we are told, the programme has now "the benefit of full lighting and scenic effects." This certainly helps, but the standard of dancing among the principals is not high enough and the *corps de ballet* is unable to find a common level for its arms and legs. Nina Stroganova and Sonia Arova have plainly worked hard and achieved a considerable technique; but dancers should not make this plain: they should give the illusion that the most complicated movement is easy, so that we wonder, not at their ability to stand on one toe and whizz round, but at the beauty of its effect. I enjoyed *Coq d'Or* more than the other ballets because, with its exquisite music and brilliant decor, the atmosphere of the fairy-tale is not so hard to create—even with a less excellent King Dodon than Vladimir Dokoudovsky. This dancer has many beautiful qualities, though his great height and pursed mouth are against him in classical work; but he stands out as the only principal who phrases his movement to the music with sensitive precision. Unfortunately few qualities come to light in the ballet *Femmes d'Alger*, for which Dokoudovsky has composed the choreography. The story is painfully inept and moves in a series of jerks. Three sailors address three luscious ladies with the finger-sucking, wriggly tactics traditionally associated with the small girl who sings "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-wow." The most interesting revival this company has yet attempted is Massine's first and most successful symphonic ballet, *Les Présages*. In spite of seeming dated, its crude cleverness still shocks me a little: those hideous purple dresses, that eye staring down at the flaming carrot on the back cloth, and the most vulgar of Tchaikovsky's music, are wonderfully integrated by the shape of grouping and movements. It is an emotional orgy with a lot of pretentious ideas about man's soul and destiny, but its power is undeniable.

A. F.

### William Turnbull, at the Hanover Gallery

Most of Turnbull's new paintings and sculptures in plaster are concerned with a human figure, a male nude. This is in itself a welcome development from his earlier, more esoteric, semi-abstract work. If these new figures can be severely criticised, it is because they have become convincing and deliberate enough to be enjoyed and criticised in their own right; his previous work was so arbitrary that it could only be judged subjectively—as a sort of receptacle for the spectator's imaginings. These new figures, jerky and very thin, are somewhat reminiscent of Giacometti; their aim is to express by stark, shooting lines of action the direct *intention* of movements not yet translated into more gradual terms by the flexion of muscles and the articulation of joints. It is as if their limbs signal some desperate semaphor whose dictated code ignores, or has not yet learnt, the sensuous uses and limitation of the body. Yet all but one of them are unsatisfactory for a reason which has both formal and human implications. The force and intention of the movements, the dictation of the code, remain exterior to each figure; they never grow from within it. The arms swing out like disturbed pendulums, but the bodies themselves are dead weights. (In the exception, No. 15, *Figure with raised arm*, the upward thrust appears to be determined by the whole body.) Besides this lack of vitality, the often slip-shod use of the plaster matters far more in the figures than in an absurd, backward-looking work such as *The Crab* (No. 23); matters far more, because far more is at stake.

J. B.

### Balthus, at the Lefevre Gallery

Balthus, a Pole born in 1910, works in Paris, where he is a figure of some controversy because his interests are frankly literary and because he paints in

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a naturalistic style derived from Courbet. His literary interests concern adolescent girls, or, as Mr. Cyril Connolly put it in his Foreword, "the mishandled emotions of the very young." We see girls with skirts which all but their mothers know to be too short now, languishing and bored in the heavily furnished parlour; we see them fingering their dreams; we see them just waiting. It would be dishonest to deny that Balthus's pictures have a certain power. Their power, however, is only that of the sex-appeal magazine cover—given a sharper "edge" by sophisticated perversion. They fail to rise above this level, not because their inspiration is literary (that is always a red-herring), but because this inspiration is not transformed into visual terms. Balthus is fatally handicapped by his weak drawing. In the large nude, which is obviously the one picture painted from life, he has copied what he has seen without beginning to understand its structure. Consequently, in the other pictures in which he has to invent and reconstruct forms, he fails miserably. Look at the foot of the girl on the sofa, the far shoulder of the girl with the basin, the sporadic, unconvincing fuzz of foliage in the "Courbet" landscape. One can accept clumsiness, but one cannot accept superficiality—after the first shock of the subject-matter has worn off.

J. B.

# Correspondence

## THE DRIFT TO WAR

SIR,—It seems to a good many of us who have no inside information about the content of the Washington talks that the danger of a full-scale Far-Eastern war is now greater than at any time in the past. We have had plenty of warning. It is now our duty to determine, as individuals and as members of organisations, what steps we personally intend to take to resist such a war. The issues involved go far beyond the immediate cost in lives, certain as it is that the main weapon of the West would be the indiscriminate bombardment of Chinese cities. If Europe to-day allies itself with the MacArthur policy, the whole future possibility of co-operation between Western and Asiatic peoples, the nutritional status of large parts of the world for many generations, and possibly even the survival of the Western tradition of scientific investigation and technology will all be brought into hazard.

These may be the really important considerations, viewed historically. We may choose to regard them, or we may be swayed by a less articulate belief that by failing to resist the extension of the Korean policy of containment by butchery to China as a whole, while it still can be resisted, we would forfeit our right ever again to criticise the acquiescence of others. Whichever our motive, the obligation stands. History has a way of confronting us with test questions. Fascism was one such. It can be argued that the repressive element in Communism is another. But there can, I think, be no argument where calculated genocide by sea and air bombardment are taken as normal bargaining counters in diplomacy.

On two occasions British and European public opinion has checked this development in China. Mr. Churchill's protean speech to Congress may mean all things to all men, but it has done much to undo what our spontaneous public reaction to MacArthur achieved. There used to be a British Nonconformist conscience. I do not know what has taken its place today, but whatever that conscience may be it has a clear duty to speak over Mr. Churchill's shoulder, and to make it clear that an American war in the Pacific, whether it begins with the employment of Nationalist and Japanese forces in Indo-China and a subsequent U.N. "condemnation" of China's reaction, or in any other similar device, will be fought without the support of British public opinion and against our personal, continuous and implacable resistance.

20 Honor Oak Road, ALEX COMFORT
London, S.E.23.

## ROYAL VISIT

SIR,—Your article on the King's intended visit to Dr. Malan's country house will be appreciated by many churchmen. The Church in South Africa has, for many years, put up a splendid fight against racial discrimination, and an Anglican priest, the Rev. Michael Scott, has been a notable protagonist in the recent controversies.

Churchmen have a deep affection for the Royal house and especially for their present Majesties, but some of us believe that in the matter under discussion the King's advisers have acted wrongly. The King is the Defender of the Faith, and the Faith includes among its doctrines the beliefs that God is the father of mankind, and all races are of equal worth in His eyes. Dr. Malan apparently denies these basic doctrines, and the behaviour of his Government, so far as racial discrimination is concerned, is in flat contradiction to the teaching of Jesus. In the circumstances it is unfortunate that the Defender of the Faith should have been advised to stay in the house of a Government leader who actively opposes it.

Moreover the position will be keenly felt by missionaries in India and elsewhere who constantly meet the criticism that the Christian Church, no matter what its professions may be, is a tool of the White races—a criticism which Communists are quick to exploit.

Churchmen will continue to pray earnestly for His Majesty's complete recovery, but it is to be hoped that his convalescence will take place in less controversial circumstances. Perhaps His Majesty's advisers will be prepared for second thoughts?

St. Matthew's Vicarage, MERVYN STOCKWOOD
Bristol, 5.

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SIR,—There have been many critics of the King's acceptance of a loyal, generous (and typically South African) invitation to spend a holiday in South Africa. One important point has escaped them: Botha House does not belong to Dr. Malan—nor was the invitation a personal one. South Africa has invited His Majesty to take advantage of its delightful climate and healthy hospitality. It does not impose the usual conditions—no pomp and nonsense shall destroy the peace and comfort of the visit. Far too seldom do the Royal Family enjoy what every other man expects annually—a little privacy and a week or two away from everyday business.

This anti-South African attitude is unwholesome and despicable. It is based on a nation-wide ignorance of Empire and South African affairs, and is fostered by those who might be expected to know more and talk less. Can we afford to destroy what little remains of our Empire unity?

One point about Dr. Malan's invitation pleased me enormously—it was a gesture from both sides of South Africa's divided population. English, African, Indian and Afrikaans South Africans were solidly behind it. To suggest that Dr. Malan as a man—or as a politician—proffered the invitation to serve political ends is an unworthy attempt to drag him to the level of the critics who make the suggestion.

FELIX KIVELL

40 Trent Road, London, S.W.2.

## EQUAL PAY

SIR,—Does your correspondent, Mr. Grant, realise that his letter conveys the impression of a man who cares for neither work nor women? One sees him with an umbrella or a raincoat, provided with season-tickets and insurances against every act of God, stepping apprehensively through life as if it were a jungle, thinking of nothing but roof and board, counting his chickens and totting up their subsidised feeding allowance, and looking forward to an old age unencumbered by a Tableful of Kindred and Affinity.

I cannot see why any man works at all if "male wages and salary levels are determined not by the money value of work, but by the need of a man with a family and thereafter by the strength of his bargaining power." Perhaps this is why so much time is spent in bargaining nowadays. Quite clearly work, its nature, its requirements in the way of qualifications, experience, mental and physical capacity, is nothing. What matters is the number of children a man has and how many relations hang on to his wife's apron strings.

Now in so far as I am always delighted to meet a novel argument, I am grateful to your correspondent. It is amusing to rebuild the whole structure of society on the proposition that Jones (who is but a mediocre coal-hewer when he is on the job) because he has fifteen children, an arthritic maternal great-aunt, a bedridden mother-in-law and a grandfather all of his own in need of his financial assistance, should therefore be paid more than Miss, Mrs., or indeed Mr. Brown, who owing to forethought, misfortune or what you will, have no dependants, but find work their major interest in life and are supremely good at it. Toxophilites with full quivers get their fun from shooting their arrows; others need their pocket-money for different creative sports.

So much for work. Women, who have hitherto been associated with wine and song, bring about a man's downfall far less pleasantly according to Mr. Grant. They cost money to take out, seemingly refusing *both* to entertain *and* to pay for so doing, or to settle their young man's courtship expenses. Mr. Grant's female acquaintances do not work during the birth and early years of their children, and many mysterious reasons conspire to prevent them from returning to work as the children get older. They seem to know nothing of organisation or of handing over specialist jobs to specialists while they get on with their own work.

One cannot help feeling sorry that poor Mr. Grant thinks of professional women having their holiday fling as nothing but a source of "inflationary pressure." Would it be rash to make one further deduction about Mr. Grant? Has he got green eyes as well as an umbrella?

ROSE MARIE HODGSON

Patrixbourne, Kent.

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SIR,—The arguments of your correspondent A. G. Grant against equal pay for women appear to be based on the assumptions (1) that all men marry, (2) that no single women have dependants. These premises are manifestly incorrect. Moreover, how many bachelors begin seriously to save before becoming engaged to be married?

Surely, too, he is out of date in assuming that a woman never, or hardly ever, pays her share when taken out to a meal or theatre by a man friend? It

is by no means uncommon for this to happen, nor for a woman to repay hospitality by inviting a man to such forms of entertainment.

Is there any stigma attached to a professional woman owning a car or being able to afford foreign travel? On my own (carless) trips to the Continent I have often come across married Englishmen taking their wives and families on motor tours.

37 Brunswick Gdns., W.8. ANNEQUIN JACKSON

## TORY FELLOW-TRAVELLERS

SIR,—John Cates's article on "The Tory Fellow-Travellers" will do well if it stirs up the Labour Movement to the dangers it is facing in not devoting more time, energy and money to countering anti-Socialist propaganda.

It is not far from the truth for John Cates to say, "but the Labour Party had to make its whole election case in three weeks." That it could be anywhere near the truth shows how shockingly inept and lackadaisical we have been during the last six years.

Our own failure to produce the energetic response we hoped for, I suspect, may have been partly due to a regrettable cooling off of ardour on the part of some of our Labour leaders for Socialist advance, for a persistent and unflagging determination to rid Britain of the capitalist system and the ideas associated with it which are still very much alive and kicking within the nationalised industries.

Mr. Attlee put it succinctly in *The Labour Party in Perspective* when he wrote: "A Socialist Government must inform its whole administration with the Socialist ideal. All its Ministers must be conscious of the goal to which they are steering the ship of State." And, "the plain fact is that a Socialist Party cannot hope to make a success of administering the Capitalist system because it does not believe in it."

If that concept was found to be difficult to follow when Labour was in office there is no reason why it should not be adopted now. Then our propaganda machine could really swing into action because it would have a clear aim. FRANK G. MOXLEY,

*Railway Review.* *Editor*

## HEALTH SERVICE

SIR,—May I, as the wife of an ordinary general practitioner, show Flavus a little of the other side of the picture? I admit that the N.H.S. has (at an *enormous* cost) benefited the working class, and those sections of the middle class who are not too proud to accept more than they pay for. But what of the people who administer the service? I suppose even Flavus will allow that the G.P. is the king-pin of the scheme. He (the G.P.) has had an extremely raw deal.

(1) His contract with the Ministry covers 24 hours a day, seven days a week, throughout the year. There are *no* holidays allowed—even on his weekly "half-day" he is officially on duty—and no time "off" for illness.

(2) If he is too desperately ill to carry on, he must at great pains procure a locum, and pay him 3 guineas a day, plus car and board. This also holds if he takes a much-needed week's holiday.

(3) Any patient may make a "complaint" to the powers-that-be about him, and "disciplinary action" may be taken. He *cannot* complain of a patient, however inconsiderate, rude, or even illegal that patient's actions may be.

(4) For his work he gets a capitation fee of from 13s. to 16s. p.a.—NOT 18s. as promised in July, 1948. If a "pirate" doctor sets up in the neighbourhood, the £300 salary paid by the Ministry to this man is taken out of the Central "Pool," and the older G.P. receives correspondingly less. In which other profession or trade would this be tolerated?

DOCTOR'S WIFE

## MARKET GARDENERS

SIR,—As a regular reader of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, and as Chairman of the Conservative Parliamentary Committee on Horticulture, I have read with interest Mrs. Barbara Castle's article and the subsequent correspondence on fruit and vegetable prices. A situation has now arisen in which Mrs. Castle, and those of her parliamentary colleagues who think like her, can make a useful intervention—especially if they are members of the Transport and General Workers' Union—to achieve what we all desire, a reduction in distribution costs, and so in retail prices.

The Union is at present engaged in negotiations with the Road Haulage Executive on the handling of market garden produce, including imports, that does not pass through Covent Garden. They ask that the Executive should draw its porter labour from the appropriate branch of the London Fruit and Vegetable Markets Labour Pool, and observe what the Union calls "the normal customs and practices."

These negotiations provide an excellent opportunity for bringing these customs and practices up to date, for they are a wasteful and expensive item in fruit and vegetable distribution. They date from the days when distribution was done by horse-drawn carts and porters' hand-barrows. To-day distribution is by heavy articulated lorries, conveyor belts and power-driven trollies. The customs and practices no longer fit the machinery of distribution. To give an example, a porter's charge for unloading crates of lettuce, which is neither hard nor heavy work, is 4s per dozen crates. One man with a mechanical fork lift could do the job in 30 seconds at a cost of about 2d.

If market handling costs can be reduced with the machinery now available a step will be taken towards what Mrs. Castle and all want to see, lower prices for the consumer. The time has come to make a serious attempt to draw up a new form of working rules, customs and practices, and in the long run it will be in everybody's interests, including the market porters', to do so. If Mrs. Castle, her colleagues and THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION urge that point of view in the Transport and General Workers' Union, they will be doing a most useful service to consumers and growers.

House of Commons. JOHN BAKER WHITE.

## SCHUBERT'S STRING QUINTET

SIR,—I am surprised to learn from Mr. Shawe-Taylor's article that I am one of "those brought up in the atmosphere of the English organ loft." I cannot deny that I have played the organ; but I have also played several other instruments, without, I think, allowing practical experience to usurp the function of criticism. Mr. Shawe-Taylor criticises certain assumptions. He makes a good many himself. There is no reason whatever why he should agree with me about the finale of Schubert's string quintet; but I decline to be saddled with opinions which I do not hold.

I have no preference for "learned" music, if there is such a thing. I like music to be alive and do not care twopence whether it is simple or intricate. I do not attribute any moral significance to counterpoint, and I see no reason to regard it as either upright or Christian. Whether it is muscular or not depends on the interpretation given to that adjective. I do not know what Mr. Shawe-Taylor means by "monophonic harmony." If he means homophony I cannot see how it can possibly be sinful. It may very well be flabby, but that is true also of counterpoint, and of criticism. I have no idea what Liszt has to do with this question.

Mr. Shawe-Taylor is mistaken in his assumption that I do not like popular music. It is true that I am incapable of whistling; but I can sing after a fashion, and I have always imagined that my repertory of memorable tunes was as catholic as anyone could wish. I should be delighted to perform a selection for Mr. Shawe-Taylor's benefit at a suitable time and place. J. A. WESTRUP

226 Woodstock Road, Oxford.

## H. N. BRAILSFORD AND BELGIUM

SIR,—In an introduction to the second volume of *British Pamphleteers*, edited by Reginald Reynolds, and recently published by Allan Wingate, I wrote: "Belgian independence . . . was being championed; and even the most contrary hesitated to argue that Belgium would be better off under German rule (though Mr. Brailsford seems to have done his best in a pamphlet not reprinted here)." Mr. Brailsford informs me that this is untrue; and I accept his assurance. I withdraw the remark unreservedly and regret that it was made. A. J. P. TAYLOR

[We understand from Mr. Brailsford that he accepts Mr. Taylor's apology. His pamphlet *Belgium and the Scrap of Paper* (1915) opened with this first paragraph:—"There are two ways of regarding such a crime as the German invasion of Belgium. The natural impulse of every normal man, as he realised, first, that a treaty had been broken, and then that an unprovoked invasion had been aggravated by more than the common ruthlessness of war, was one of honest anger. There was every justification for that anger. It is an axiom of the law of nations, older by far than The Hague Convention, that the territory of neutrals is inviolable, and in this case Belgium was no ordinary neutral. Perpetual neutrality had been imposed upon her by the Powers, and Prussia signed the treaty which established it. Belgium was the vestal virgin of Europe. Her security was a claim on the honour of her neighbours, and the Power which threatens it is guilty of something worse than an attack on Belgium. It has weakened the fabric of faith and honesty among peoples, substituted force for law in their intercourse and delayed the march of civilisation. These are abstract words; it is a heavier count against Germany that she has rendered hundreds of thousands of Belgians homeless and made widows and orphans among a people which had done her no wrong."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

## CAT AND MOUSE

SIR,—Edward Hyams' cat and mouse story was most entertaining, but I fear he has the wrong kind of cat if he wants to get rid of the mice. Evidently these enterprising little creatures enjoy the battle of wits with such a sportswoman. We, too, were plagued with mice, and after trying everything else in vain, decided to have a cat. In due course a furry kitten appeared, which rapidly grew into an enormous cat. In spite of his size, he has the most benevolent appearance of any animal I have ever known, and his nature is in harmony with it. Most mornings he sits on the lawn and guards the birds while they have their breakfast. Whether he would recognise a mouse if he saw one, I can't say, for since his arrival, eight years ago, not one solitary mouse has been seen in our domain.

41 Trinity Avenue, C. HAROLD LUCKMAN
Enfield, Middx.

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# Books in General

REVIEWING the two-volume edition of *The Poems and Prose Remains of Arthur Hugh Clough* (1869), Henry Sidgwick wrote: "These two volumes contain all that will now be given to the world of a very rare and remarkable mind." Not quite all, for the editors of the newly-published Oxford edition of the *Poems** have given us eleven hitherto unpublished effusions. These will not affect Clough's reputation for good or for ill, and the main part of the editors' labours has been the sifting of the "large and bewildering mass of manuscripts," and the establishment of a text based, according to the exacting standards of modern editorship, upon the most authentic originals. The publication of this (surely definitive) edition seems a fitting occasion for asking how "rare and remarkable" Clough appears to us now.

Clough has been thought of mainly as a sort of secondary Matthew Arnold, the Thyrsis whose "piping took a troubled sound," and whose best-known poem reflects, in fainter radiance, the *lumen siccum* of his friend's stoicism. But in fact, despite their common indebtedness to Rugby and Oxford, their somewhat similar early development and their long friendship, the two men differed in the cast of their minds and in the tone of their works. Clough became, far more than ever Arnold did, a "foil'd circuitous wanderer,"

> Never by passion quite possess'd,
> And never quite benumb'd by the world's sway.

Arnold, reacting early (but superficially) from the solemnities of Rugby, and wearing a youthfull mask of foppish Byronism, was able to carry through into middle life his hereditary moral and educational momentum. Whereas Clough seems never to have been genuinely young; reserved, conscientious and introspective at school and college, he was left, when he lost his faith, quite defenceless, and too much exhausted to reconstruct his life or forget himself in any disinterested cause. Loss of faith was endemic with mid-Victorian intellectuals, but robuster spirits like Leslie Stephen, Huxley or George Eliot found release in disciplined work of one sort or another. Clough seems to have been too painfully exposed to the spiritual east winds to do more than cling, with precarious and weakening grip, to a few floating spars from the wreck. He suffered all his life from an incapacity to make up his mind; seeing both sides of every question too clearly, his will was paralysed. It took him eight years to decide that it was wrong to retain his Oriel Fellowship at the price of subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles—and on this the comment of Sidgwick is pertinent, Sidgwick having just resigned his own Fellowship for similar reasons but with less delay:

> Lax subscription to articles was the way of Clough's world: and it belonged to his balanced temper to follow the way of his world for a time, not approving, but provisionally accepting and experimentalising. To do what others do till its unsatisfactoriness has been thoroughly proved, and then suddenly to refuse to do it is not exactly heroic, nor is it the way to make life pleasant; but as a *via media* between fanaticism and worldliness, it would naturally commend itself to a mind like Clough's.

When he left Oxford he found himself adrift for about five years, too fastidious to make terms with the world, yet with no real passion for serving his age and generation. He tried being Head of University Hall, London—but first spent an exciting "sabbatical" witnessing the Paris *émeute* of 1848 and the siege of Rome by Oudinot. At University Hall he felt isolated and repressed and soon began to think of emigrating to the Antipodes, like Tom Arnold. Instead, he went to America, and lived for most of a year in the society of Emerson, Longfellow, C. E. Norton and the Boston Brahmins, teaching odd pupils and editing Plutarch. He returned to take up a post at the Education Office, and—what was more to the point—to get married. Marriage, domesticity and the anchorage of regular work seem to have afforded him seven years of comparative happiness—if we are to believe Mrs. Clough who on this subject is perhaps not a wholly disinterested witness. According to her he now at last had plenty to do, with no more "enforced and painful communings with self alone." He wrote nothing during most of these years, but the tranquil monotony was broken by the Crimean War: "really," he wrote in 1854, "people after their long and dreary commercial period seem quite glad." He actually accompanied his wife's cousin, Miss Nightingale, on her adventurous outward journey—as far as Calais; and after her return (as readers of *Eminent Victorians* will remember) "though the purpose of existence might still be uncertain," he could at least make himself useful by buying her railway-tickets and tying up parcels for her in brown paper.

Clough's life and work left upon those who knew him, as they leave upon us now, the impression of unfulfilled promise. Perhaps his early promise had been the result of Dr. Arnold's hot-house forcing; perhaps he was exhausted from the outset by "his moral work among the boys [of Rugby]." At Oxford he found "the vortex of philosophism and discussion (whereof Ward is the centre) . . . the most exhausting exercise in the world." He underwent an unusually protracted and repressed adolescence ("a state of suppressed volcanic action," he called it), and when at the age of thirty he found himself for the first time "loose on the world," he was already "Dipsychus"—a soul divided against itself; part of him hankering after the life of action, passion and pleasure, the other part recoiling with disgust and a sense of sin from the promptings of the flesh. Erotic fancies are surprisingly frequent in his longer poems, and of this the psycho-analytical may make what they will.

It was typical of Clough that his literary manifesto to the world on leaving Oxford, his declaration of independence from "tutorial weariesses," was not "the theological pamphlet which was expected from him," but—*The Bothie of Tober-Na-Vuolich*, an outbreak of hexameters inspired partly by the *Iliad* and partly by *Evangeline*, but still more by the need to sublimate his own romantic yearnings. He described it a few years later, not unfairly, as "a little boyish, of course, but really childishly innocent." "Undergraduatish," rather, or even donnish, one would say; but in spite of a certain freshness of vision and an occasional "fine" passage, the embarrassing archness, the preposterous story and the disparity (ironic though it may sometimes be) between the metrical pomp and the essential nullity of content, make *The Bothie* largely unreadable; This Will Never Do. *Amours de Voyage* is a very different affair; here Clough is genuinely stirred by his situation in Mazzini's beleaguered Roman Republic, and his emotional frustration is skilfully rendered against a background alertly observed and vividly communicated. Both here and in his letters of that time, Clough showed great powers of sheer "reportage"; he could have been a good war correspondent or even (perhaps) novelist. *Dipsychus*, however, incomplete as it is, is probably Clough's most memorable, and certainly his most characteristic, longer poem. In this dialogue between his "higher" and "lower" selves the Devil has virtually the best of the argument, or at any rate the greater share of vitality; the conscience is made to appear fastidious rather than authoritative, so that it is for ever "letting I dare not wait upon I would." He is in the typical impasse of the lapsed believer: he both feels and loathes the power of the world, the flesh and the devil, and yet sees that along with his faith he has lost both the pretext and the power for resisting them. To those who only know Clough as "Thyrsis" and as the author of "Say not the struggle nought availeth," the sophistication, the worldliness, the wit and the naughtiness of this poem will be startling. The Mephistophelean chatter, the bathos and the deflations are derivative from Goethe and from Byron, but Clough is often a genuine satirist in his own right:

> And almost everyone when age,
> Disease, or sorrows strike him,
> Inclines to think there is a God,
> Or something very like Him.

Or, in the Hudibrastic vein (the tempter is recommending Dipsychus to read Bishop Butler rather than Strauss):

> God, Revelation, and the rest of it,
> Bad at the best, we make the best of it,
> Not quite the things we chose to think;
> But neither is the world rose pink.
> Yet *it* is fact as plain as day;
> So may the rest be; who can say?
> Thus life we see is wondrous odd,
> And so, we argue, may be God.

Why did Clough lose his faith? It had nothing to do with Darwin; he had lost it ten years before *The Origin of Species*. He simply discovered, after due exposure to the Zeitgeist, that he no longer believed in the historical and dogmatic foundations of Christianity, though he clung to its ethical tradition:

> While I do fully think [he wrote in 1852] that the Christian religion is the best, or perhaps the only really good religion that has appeared, on the other hand, as to how it appeared, I see all possible doubt. . . . The whole origin of Christianity is lost in obscurity: if the facts are to be believed, it is simply on trust, because the religion of which they profess to be the origin is a good one. But its goodness is not proved by them; we find it out for ourselves by the help of good people, good books, etc., etc.

"Trust in God's justice and love" (he had

* *The Poems of Arthur Hugh Clough*. Edited by H. F. LOWRY, A. L. P. NORRINGTON and F. L. MULHAUSER. *Oxford*. 35s

said a few years earlier), "and belief in His commands as written on our conscience, stand unshaken, though Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, or even St. Paul, were to fall. . . . Until I know, I will wait." Waiting and languishing, but faintly trusting the larger hope: this was Clough's essential predicament, and his poetry is at its best when he is expressing it. The tired waves of verse break vainly, but are stilled as "the main" (his final trust in the stream of tendency) "comes silent, flooding in" (it is a pity that the editors have felt bound, on manuscript authority, to replace "comes" by "came" in this most significant line). A similar image is used, but far less effectively, in the lumbering hexameters of *The Bothie*:

> As at return of tide the total weight of ocean,
> Drawn by moon and sun from Labrador and Greenland,
> Sets-in amain. . . .
> So in my soul of souls through its cells and secret recesses
> Comes back, swelling and spreading, the old democratic fervour— (IX, 73)

—and again, in more characteristic rhythm, in one of the Unfinished Poems (page 385):

> While circling, chasing, unescaping,
> The waters here these eddies tease,
> Unconscious, far its free course shaping,
> The great stream silent seeks the seas.

Clough was intelligent, open-eyed and sensitive, but he cannot be thought of as a great man or a major poet. For that reason one may doubt whether he is strong enough to bear the weight of critical apparatus which is piled upon him in this edition, or whether the mass of variorum readings will be studied with much excitement or profit. A judicious anthology, together with the completest possible collection of his letters (with notes) would do him better justice. But if, as it seems, our age exacts such scholarship, the present editors have done all that could be expected of them.

BASIL WILLEY

# Four Poems

## By ROBERT GRAVES

### CRY FAUGH!

Caria and Philistia considered
Only pre-marital adventures wise;
The bourgeois French argue contrariwise.

Socrates and Plato burked the issue
(Namely, how man-and-woman love should be)
With homosexual ideology.

Apocalyptic Israelites, foretelling
The imminent End, called only for a chaste
Sodality: all dead below the waist.

Curious, various, amoral, moral—
Confess, what elegant square or lumpish hamlet
Lives free from nymphological disquiet?

"Yet males and females of the lower species
Contrive to eliminate the sexual problem,"
Scientists ponder: "Why not learn from them?"

Cry faugh! on science, ethics, metaphysics,
On antonyms of sacred and profane—
Come walk with me, love, in a golden rain

Past toppling colonnades of glory,
The moon alive on each uptilted face:
Proud remnants of a visionary race.

### THE STRAW

Peace, the wild valley streaked with torrents,
A hoopoe perched on the warm rock. Then why
This tremor of the straw between my fingers?

What should I fear? Have I not testimony
In her own hand, signed with her own name
That my love fell as lightning on her heart?

These questions, bird, are not rhetorical.
Watch how the straw twitches and leaps
As though the earth quaked at a distance.

Requited love; but better unrequited
If this chance instrument gives warning
Of cataclysmic anguish far away.

Were she at ease, warmed by the thought of me'
Would not my hand stay steady as this rock?
Have I undone her by my vehemence?

### WITH THE GIFT OF A RING

If one of thy two loves be wroth
And cry: "Thou shalt not love us both,
Take one or 'tother!" 'o then choose
Him that can nothing thee refuse.
Only a rogue would tear a part,
How small soever, from thy heart;
As Adam sought to plunder Eve's
(What time they clad themselves in leaves),
Conjuring her to make an end
Of dalliance with her cursed friend—
Too late, now she had learned to tell
False love from true, and ill from well.

### THE FOREBODING

Looking by chance in at the open window
I saw my own self seated in his chair
With gaze abstracted, furrowed forehead,
Unkempt hair.

I thought that I had suddenly come to die,
That to a cold corpse this was my farewell,
Until the pen moved slowly on the paper
And tears fell.

He had written a name, yours, in printed letters
One word on which bemusedly to pore:
No protest, no desire, your naked name,
Nothing more.

Would it be to-morrow, would it be next year?
But the vision was not false, this much I knew;
And I turned angrily from the open window
Aghast at you.

Why never a warning, either by speech or look,
That the love you cruelly gave me could not last?
Already it was too late: the bait swallowed,
The hook fast.

## ROBERT GRAVES, POET

**Poems and Satires, 1951.** By ROBERT GRAVES *Cassell. 7s. 6d.*

This is a very small book, containing only twenty-nine short poems; but since the art of poetry is an art of condensation, this should mean, and does mean, that the quality is high. Robert Graves's small, steady output, each volume in itself something less than we expect, has yet built up over thirty-five years a body of work from which there will be little to discard. Mr. Graves has done his own discarding—hundreds of poems, he tells us, both written and printed—as he goes along. He once affirmed, and in a foreword to the present volume repeats, that no poet could hope to write more than twenty pages in his lifetime that were really worth preserving. That is a relative matter, however, and for a right reading of those twenty pages, a poet has to create a context of less immortal work, unless he is content or able to use a context created by others.

Mr. Graves has certainly created his own context, in his critical work, some of his novels, and his studies in mythology. Sometimes it looks as if the context will prove to have been parasitic on the poetry, that some of the creative vitality that might have gone into the poems has expended itself in the prose works. Perhaps this does not matter in itself, but it may matter if we are considering the poems in isolation. Some of the poems in this collection are written within the context of *The White Goddess*; and with the prose book vividly in mind it is hard to say whether without the context poems like *The Jackal's Address to Isis*, or even *Darien* would stand alone. *The Young Cordwainer* on the other hand, in which I am sure that I have missed some direct references, seems to me a valid poem because the symbols of primrose and periwinkle, the bandogs and the staircase, the left hand (specified with the precision of folk-tales) pick up enough points of reference within the poem itself to establish them as mythological symbols even in the absence of precise allusions outside the poem.

No richness of allusion, explicit or implicit, will in itself make a poem; and Mr. Graves himself in his foreword refers to the test, known to all poets often to their despair, the way a poem "fades on the page after a few months. The longer one lives and the more poems accumulate, the easier it is to discard the doubtful ones." What makes Robert Graves so good a poet, likely to outlast so many others, is after all his intuitive recognition of the magical essence of a poem, that has finally nothing to do with rhetoric, but that is the vital germinating principle without which no rhetoric of language or of symbol (on both of which Robert Graves has worked harder than most poets) is of any avail. This is an inborn gift, something inimitable. This book, besides, shows Graves's versatility of rhetoric. The poems already named rely upon the symbolic secret language of poetic tradition; *The Chunk* is a perfect metaphysical poem; some beautiful lyrical love poems, like *Counting the Beats*, employ little besides the pure incantation of rhythm and rhyme, a magic that can neither be taught nor learned:

> You, love, and I,
> (He whispers) you and I,
> And if no more than only you and I
> What care you or I?
> Counting the beats
> Counting the slow heart beats,
> The bleeding to death of time in slow heart beats,
> Wakeful they lie . . .

Robert Graves, together with Edwin Muir and perhaps Herbert Read, seem to me, as I read their work now—and as I write this review, moreover, in New York—to represent the native and direct tradition of English poetry, in contrast to the great, and undeniably salutary, temporary tidal wave of American influence represented by the Imagists, Pound and Eliot. Now that that tide is slowly ebbing the native direct tradition remains clearly represented in Graves and Muir. Graves was of course deeply influenced by Laura Riding,

John Crowe Ransom and other American poets, but the final outcome seems to have been to establish him more firmly than ever in the English tradition whose long roots into the past are, as his poetry proves, still unbroken. At its best his symbolic iconography is not an eclectic reconstruction but stems from those ancient stone and bronze age mythologies, that he has examined as a scholar of Welsh and Classical mythology, but of which he has also inherited the living seed. In this he is at the opposite pole from such poets as Auden, who belong essentially to the new world (which of course exists in England as well as in America) whose organic connection with the past has been severed. Whether the rootless or the rooted will prove to have the greater survival value certainly no one now living can say with certainty; but as Mr. Graves says, posterity cannot hope to understand a poet better than his contemporaries. Fragmentary though in some ways his poetic output has been, here and now I find myself more certain that Robert Graves writes true poetry than I am about most poets now writing.

KATHLEEN RAINE

## AFRICA AND HER PRODIGIES

**Venture to the Interior.** By LAURENS VAN DER POST. *Hogarth.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A double meaning is to be understood in the title of this book. It is an account of a journey of research into a little-known part of Nyasaland where the author climbed Mount Mlange and also got on to the Nyika plateau; it is also an attempt to relate his experiences to a lucky quotation found in Sir Thomas Browne—'there is Africa and all her prodigies in us.' "If we could but make friends with our inner selves," Mr. Van der Post says, "come to terms with our own darkness, then there would be no trouble from without." The first journey is deeply interesting and there is an attractive seriousness of eye and mind about the easy narrative; the second is a baffling mixture of the naïve, the earnest and obscure. Mr. Van der Post is a South African, with half his roots in Europe; he has been an adventurous soldier and he is a bold traveller with a strong imaginative feeling for the landscape, the lovely animal life, the people of his country and their fate in a primitive land which is voracious of human life; but as an amateur mystic who has read his D. H. Lawrence and his Jung (as I suppose) he is more piquant than clear. It has, of course, been very common for men gifted in action, and especially explorers, to set out some mystique; in the older generation there have been cults of the sublime, of solitude, but the authors were usually ill-equipped when they came to describing their emotions. Mr. Van der Post is really continuing this, but in a new and, one must say, a very peculiar key. He is very much concerned with the collective fate. The greater our self-consciousness, the more rational our civilisation (he notes, as many others have done), the more our natures are divided and the more wicked we become. Since he has been a prisoner of war in Japan and has fought in Abyssinia and in Indonesia, he certainly has not a complacent and rhetorical view of what the horrors of the modern world are like. He has had his taste of neurotic guilt. It is the application of this special knowledge to other experience that one is not very clear about, its diffusion into a general creed.

The reader must test this out for himself when he comes to the chain of small omens and thwarted intuitions that, in retrospect, seemed to lead to the tragic disaster on Mlange, the critical episode in this absorbing book. It is, at any rate, just to say that Mr. Van der Post's speculations are the expression of sensibility; his allegory may be dubious but it gives his people an extra thickness; what he looks for in them is the inner dream, the dominant passion. His training is that of the born traveller whose first task is to read the mysterious faces of the strangers he is confronted with. As a plain traveller Mr. Van der Post is responsive. The air journey from London to Khartoum is vividly done. His landings are marked by excellent comments. I shall remember the Sahara storm and the picture of Kenya. The people there seemed to him to be living in "an agitation, frenzy, rage and rebellion." Something about their life was "unrelated to fact." Like the people of all colonial settlements in human history, the inhabitants are dominated by nostalgia: "they are obsessed by a memory that is of no further use to them." They are somnambulistic; and where they put their light-headedness down to the altitude, Mr. Van der Post sees an unconscious copying of African ways. For—

> People like myself, whose first memory is of a large, black, smiling, crooning, warm, full-blossomed figure bending over his cot and whose friends for years were naked black urchins, know that contact between Europeans and Africans is, whether the individual wishes it or not, a significant, almost measureless two-way flow of traffic. The traffic can, with proper understanding and tolerance, enrich as well the life of the European.

I am glad to see that Mr. Van der Post pays a tribute to those poems and early stories of Mr. William Plomer's which, years ago, must have been the first literary fruit of such an insight into the relationship with Africans.

The mysteriousness of Mlange is gradually unveiled, but here the author found he was not only reconnoitring the cedar forests, the superb precipices and apocalyptical ravines, the deceptive weathers of the mountains, but he was walking on the precipice edge of another man's private dream. A young English forester and his wife lived in isolation here and dreaded that the presence of Mr. Van der Post meant the ruin of the cedars, the end of a solitude which had healed their private wounds, the beginning of exploitation. In fact, the couple were not living in a paradise, but in a place where wild nature could play out its own evil. Miscalculation, sudden rains, impenetrable cloud caught the little expedition. In an inexplicable moment, the forester made a false step in crossing a wild river and was swept over the falls; the rope held for a second or two, and then he dropped to his death. In those precipices no body could be recovered.

Mr. Van der Post has conveyed the intimate feeling of people in these wild places and, in consequence, the impression made by this disaster is very great. But since this book is not a novel, but concerns real people, one is a little haunted by the doubt as to whether he has "truthfully" given us the story and has not really described his own special sensibility to an intolerable personal pain. Possibly one is wrong to raise the question. A more interesting point is the curious moral-aesthetic attitude of quite ordinary young men who, politically, are the overlords of the Africans. They feel that our civilisation is an evil and has injured themselves; and they have, it would seem, to find a means of keeping their eyes from their own evil. At one time they did so by speaking of the white man's burden; but now sensibility appears to be their support and Mr. Van der Post's reflections suggest a new and interesting chapter in the history of the Puritan conscience.

The journey to the Nyika plateau was a strenuous one and the author vividly conveys the rich country; those stretches of forest, those ten-mile fields of iris, the red and blue and gold of the wild gladioli and the enormous white delphiniums like stars on the darker slopes of the country. Here the horns of the antelope and gazelle made their heraldic mark, before these creatures passed, as impalpable as the shadow upon water; and the travellers heard the hard drumming of a zebra troop, which instantaneously stopped at the foreknowledge of strangeness. Mr. Van der Post sets all this down with eagerness and feeling; when he is describing the drumming and abandon of an African feast in that country, he is watchful and fervent. He convinces one, as hardly any expeditionary literature ever does, that he has had a vivid personal experience.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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## NAZIS AND ANTI-NAZIS

**Follow My Leader.** By LOUIS HAGEN. *Wingate.* 15*s.*

The current variation of Mr. Churchill's wartime dictum that anyone fighting the Nazis must be our friend and has a claim to our loyalty requires as much qualification and warning as did the original theme. We have since been told that there never was such a thing as "the Nazis," and Mr. Hagen shows most vividly, in a series of striking and extraordinarily well-written life-stories, the muddied sources from which this notion came to spring. The trouble is not so much that the composite mental make-up of a nation is certainly capable of shifts and changes, under duress and without it, but rather that it shifts and changes less swiftly than political frontiers and military alignments.

This is why a dispassionate and sympathetic observer like Mr. Hagen, anxious to find out what people are really like, and why they should be as they are, is right in adopting a deliberate pace. After all, the wheels are coming full circle all the time, there is no halting the maddening things, and if to-day anyone willing to quarrel with the Soviets must be considered our ally and have a claim on our loyalty, where shall we be to-morrow? Back where we were, I suppose, but without a friend in the world, and deservedly so. The fact that General Guderian dislikes Stalin as much as I do, or the next man, does not entitle him to my trust, and there is nothing even a *Daily Herald* serial can do about that. Before we can decide that all Nazis have definitely withered and wilted under the hot breath from the Kremlin, we must make sure that they were really there before they disappeared. That is, nowadays, the real difficulty.

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*Arnhem Lift* and *Indian Route March*. After the war, he returned to Germany and sought out nine of his former fellow-countrymen whom he had known well, listened to their stories down to the most minute and often gruesomely as well as hilariously absurd details, and recorded what he learned in a series of human case-histories. Among these nine people, he finds four out-and-out Nazis, three fellow-travelling non-Nazis, and two anti-Nazis. Their stories are often quite unbelievably involved, tortuous, even monstrous, but about their authenticity there can be no doubt. Mr. Hagen has changed the names of his protagonists, but it happens that I have been able to recognise one, if not two, among them whom I know as well as Mr. Hagen, and I can vouch for the absolute truthfulness of his accounts. This does not, for me, reduce the horrible thrill conveyed by the story of Dr. Wertheim, the avid and corrupt surgeon, of Hildegard Trutz and her adventures in one of Himmler's human stud-farms. These stories would be quite as good if Mr. Hagen had made them up. But the "dullest" among them is without doubt the life of the young intellectual Werner Harz, the only one among the lot who manages to "go straight" from beginning to end, whose case demonstrates that it is possible, although boring, to "sit out" an epidemic like Nazism without becoming infected, without fellow-travelling even as far as the next corner. But he is one man in nine, and out of the remaining eight, four would have murdered him cold-bloodedly, two would have denounced him to the Gestapo, one would have turned a blind eye, and one might, at a pinch, have helped him. Still, Mr. Hagen, who believes that his nine characters in flight from an author stand for the vast majority of the German people, seems to think this a pretty good and encouraging ratio, and I wish I could disagree.

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## NEW NOVELS

**My Fellow Devils.** By L. P. HARTLEY. *James Barrie*. 12*s*. 6*d*.
**Canon James.** By NOEL BLAKISTON. *Chapman & Hall*. 10*s*. 6*d*.
**The Dam.** By RICHARD HUNTER. *Constable*. 12*s*. 6*d*.
**Head Against the Wall.** By HERVÉ BAZIN. *Secker & Warburg*. 15*s*.

*My Fellow Devils* and *Canon James* are two of a kind; so are *The Dam* and *Head Against the Wall*. They stand, like two pairs of houses in a colliery district, cut off from one another by an ominous-looking subsidence. This subsidence has been going on for a long time. It represents the absence of novelists who are both professional and uncloistered, writers with the traditional skill and sensibility of Mr. Hartley or Mr. Blakiston on the one hand, and with the knowledge of particular phases of life possessed by Mr. Hunter and M. Bazin on the other. Knowledge of how a wide variety of people live is one of the most valuable assets a novelist can have, and in England, one of the rarest. Travel, believed to be the great giver of this knowledge, often provides an acceptable substitute rather than the thing itself; there is almost always something faintly meretricious about the contemporary English novelist's use of "the foreign"—one drop of rain too many in *Rain*, one dead pye-dog too many in *The Heart of the Matter*. Orwell, who travelled heroically in class as well as in place, was profoundly impressed by the difficulty that his own origins—typical enough of English novelists as a group—imposed upon him in making real contacts.

Mr. Hartley is by no means a typical contemporary English novelist. For one thing he has the quality of power. In fact, upon reconsidering his earlier novels in the light of his latest, I feel now that his power—his ability to surprise by his insight, to thrust and thrust again into his reader's emotions, to create a clash of personality—is perhaps the most notable of his virtues. It is his power which justifies the high drama, almost the melodrama, of his plots, in which humiliation, crime, and death, are so visible in the background, and in which scorn—a concomitant of drama rarely conveyed in the contemporary novel—is commonly felt and sometimes expressed. Yet with all his power, all his authority, all his skill, Mr. Hartley has difficulty in making us accept the plot of *My Fellow Devils* as a coherent whole. Margaret Pennefather, a Justice of the Peace at the age of 28, throws over a suitable young barrister and marries a film star. Bad enough; but Colum McInnes is not only a film star; he is a Roman Catholic. He is, it need hardly be said, a "bad Catholic"—"good Catholics" in the contemporary English novel are only allowed very small parts and are all priests anyway—and although kind, generous, modest and faithful within ordinary limits, he is a bad lot. Finally evil communications so far corrupt good manners as to drag the wretched man into a practical joke that a jury might construe as robbery with violence.

This incident is one of a number of things I find hard to believe. Mr. Hartley does not write convincingly about people who would do anything so silly, sordid, and risky; he seems not at home in low company—this particular low company at any rate. There are other reefs of improbability, sandbanks of uncertainty, below the surface of *My Fellow Devils*—for instance, the career of Nick Burden, the young barrister. It may be that a young barrister, nowadays, could jump to success after a successful appearance in a murder trial, but it is just the kind of romantic commonplace which is unacceptable in a serious novel.

The case against *My Fellow Devils* is worth making, even if it is a tenuous case, because it is, very largely, the case against the contemporary English novel, the case against the lack, not only of knowledge, but of a lively curiosity about the mechanics of living. It would indeed be almost impossible to get a living portrait of both a barrister and a film star in the same novel to-day, for lack of a novelist who knows how both of them really live.

Now for the case *for*. *My Fellow Devils* reveals Mr. Hartley's power operating at a higher level of drama than any book he has so far written. As in none of his earlier books reality is here displayed by lightning flashes. Mr. Hartley's moral preoccupation, the ordered weight of his attack, the solidity and the apparent ease of his workmanship, the movement, at once airy and trenchant, of his style—all these combine to make *My Fellow Devils* what is often attempted but seldom achieved, a successful contribution to the central tradition of the English novel.

*Canon James* I have suggested, has much in common with *My Fellow Devils*. This is so although it is a book of short stories, since it has a unity of mood and theme which enable it to be judged as a whole. What it has in common is the moral preoccupation combined with a civilised ease, the mixture of feeling and urbanity, the sense of appreciating the amenities of the Rectory garden while remaining aware of the graveyard on the other side of the hedge. And even if the religion of *My Fellow Devils* is Roman, there is no emphasis that deeply divides it from Mr. Blakiston's sturdy Anglicanism, although, as it happens, perhaps the best story in this collection deals with a clash, most beautifully rendered, between Roman faith and Puritan works. *Lost Day* is, in fact, an exceedingly fine short story, with pace, comedy, very unobtrusive contrivance, and a much greater weight of content than one would think at the beginning that it could hold. Like Mr. Hartley, Mr. Blakiston is a most accomplished writer, dealing more freely, in some of these stories at least, in single strokes of the primary colours of comedy and irony, as in the case of the Squire who, recoiling from the blatancy of an irreligious world, finds his return to the faith of his fathers frustrated. He is talking to the Vicar:

> "I'm sorry Barlow, I can't do it. It's no good. I can't go on with it. It would not be honest. You see, it's the Creed. I don't believe a word of it."
>
> "Oh, that doesn't matter," Mr. Barlow was about to say, but checked himself.

Although *The Dam* is English, and *Head Against the Wall* is French, they are both more American than European. They are both written by experts in a particular field. Mr. Hunter is an expert on China, and his novel is an account of goings-on in Central China before the Communist victory. An international relief association, predominantly American in its personnel, is operating in the area, and its biggest project is a dam which will benefit both Nationalist and Communist areas. Mr. Hunter's story is a very competent and readable documentary, featuring the shadiness, the deliquescent corruption, and the broken-down obscure incompetence of the Nationalist regime, with on the other side glimpses of the Communists struggling with their Himalayan difficulties. Telling in its moderation, seeking no great heights and pretending no revelations, it is nevertheless a damaging as well as an interesting presentation of the case against Nationalist China.

China for Mr. Hunter; for M. Bazin, lunatic asylums. *Head Against the Wall* is a sad story, dispassionately told, about an unstable young man with a bad heredity whose family get him put into an asylum. He escapes, moves from escapades to crime, and from the comparative luxury of a "private wing" to the French equivalent of Broadmoor. Is he ever really insane? It is clear enough that he is not as you and I are, for although our feelings and behaviour may sometimes be very like his, his form a consistent pattern which differs from our pattern. M. Bazin, at any rate, has done a nice job in placing him in a middle distance where he retains both sympathy and interest.

J. D. SCOTT

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## SIXTY YEARS AFTER

**Wilkie Collins.** A Biography. By KENNETH ROBINSON. *Bodley Head.* 18*s.*

Two brilliant novels stand out to-day from the mass of Wilkie Collins's work and from the heavy silence that obscures his life. It is strange that Mr. Robinson's book about that life should be the first since Collins died in 1889, whether we see him as the father of the detective novel, as the intimate friend of Dickens, or as one of the most mysterious of the literary Victorians. Primness, it seems, kept contemporary chroniclers silent; scantiness of material discouraged their successors. A few facts, of course, have come down—that he was born in 1824, one of the two sons of the painter, William Collins; that after a short period in a tea-broker's office and another as a law student (Lincoln's Inn) he became, by way of journalism, a highly successful novelist in a new *genre*, as well as the protégé and then the boon companion of his editor Dickens. We also know (for drug-addiction was not, like the irregular sexual union, a proscribed subject), that Collins was for much of his life a confirmed laudanum-taker, a result of chronic "rheumatic gout" in his limbs and eyes. The several available portraits take us no further. Mild, boneless, secretive, kind, with undistinguished features, this is a *domestic* face, not "noble" in the Victorian way for all the forest of untidy beard; nor, one would think, the face of a successful libertine.

But it may be that the main cause of Victorian disapprobation is cleared up in the new biography. For at the age of 35 (we read) he met—according to Millais and to Kate Dickens, in circumstances which suggested the opening of *The Woman in White*—a beautiful fugitive named Caroline Graves; without marrying they lived together (Collins adopting Caroline's daughter) for the remaining thirty years of his life, and were buried at his desire in the same grave. Yet, in the true Collins manner, the tale has another twist. About ten years from that first meeting, a marriage is recorded between Caroline and Joseph Clow, a distiller's son, of whom no more is known than of her previous husband, Mr Graves. Exactly nine months later Collins becomes the father of a daughter, the first of three "morganatic" children (as he called them) by a certain Martha Rudd—all, by the way, acknowledged in his Will. A few years after her marriage Caroline, still in all records termed Mrs. Graves, returns. And when she and Collins are dead—here is the final fictional touch—it is Martha Rudd who tends for years the grave in which they lie.

Whatever light this may throw on the novels, there is no doubt that the novels are a mine of paradoxical information about their author in the setting of his age. There are nearly thirty of them, and as many short stories; looked at in one way, they are a supreme example of the force of the Victorian code in Victorian fiction. Take *The Woman in White* (1860)—which, if any, would be plausible to-day of its train of situations? Inherited money, paternal authority, the laws of marriage and property, the importance of reputation (and, indeed, the ignorance of medicine)—these do so much to provide, without going outside the domestic walls, the century's tremendous literary tensions. Yet Collins himself, while making full use of its workings, seems hardly at all infected by the deep, unrealised, monstrous hypocrisy of the time, which caused no doubt so much of Dickens's hysteria. (The popular craze for amateur acting—in Dickens an obsession—may well have been a form of refuge from facing its irreconcilables). Collins seems less confused. To a remark in Forster's *Life* that there is scarcely a page of Dickens which could not be placed in the hands of a child he retorts in a marginal scribble:

> If this wretched English claptrap means anything, it means that the novelist is forbidden to touch on the sexual relations which literally swarm about him, and influence the lives of millions of his fellow creatures, except those relations that are licensed by the ceremony called marriage. One expects this essentially immoral view of the functions of the novelist from a professor of claptrap like the late Bishop of Manchester. But that Forster should quote it with approval is a sad discovery indeed.

It is interesting that his most popular woman character was the plain, intelligent Marian Halcombe, scores of bachelors writing for her address; Edward Fitzgerald, even, giving her name to a new herring-lugger.

Collins's humanity went further than the usual vague and guilty sentiment. His sympathy with servants, to whom he gave for the first time a dignified and serious literary role, was revolutionary at the time, and was not at all well received. Most of his later novels contain propaganda about one abuse or another—mental homes, divorce laws, the vivisection of animals. Yet sympathy is not perhaps the only explanation of his macabre preoccupation in his books with physical deformities of every kind. And with this grotesqueness runs another Victorian trait—a streak of novel-writer's poetry—very evident in Collins's descriptive passages, with their sensitive reflection of the human situation they enclose. So it may be that we remember most the English country mansion on a summer evening, with a young woman playing (Mozart, always); outside the calm green garden are the quicksands or the waters of a stagnant lake; while at the moment when candle-light gives place to daylight, someone in the house of sleepers puts the last word to a letter of ominous purport.

Mr. Robinson has set down the facts in a straightforward manner, and has provided an honest and welcome book. Yet, even in his own biography, Collins has the air of being a background figure. Did not Holman Hunt say that "he was without ambition to take a place in the competition of society, and avoided plans of life which necessitated the making up of his mind enough to forecast the future"? Did not his practice of telling his stories in a series of first person accounts allow him (as it did Browning) the safety of concealment as well as a theatrical outlet? As a writer, however, his gift was precise: the magic hand was also a craftsman's hand. Indeed it was the impressionist Dickens, the greater of the two, who gained more from the connection, *Drood* being clearly, in detail as well as design, a mystery on the Collins model. About the life of Collins the last word, I think, has not been said. Though in sixty years so many traces may have vanished, others seem tantalisingly near. Those illegitimate children, for instance, "lost among London's nameless millions"—born in the early Seventies, they might reasonably be living at this day. But then, the whole story, with its mixture of the secret and the ordinary, is in the Collins fictional tradition. It is the lost design, the tangle of unsolved clues at the end that he would not as a writer have tolerated.

NAOMI LEWIS

## SCIENTIFIC NATURAL HISTORY

**The Nature of Natural History.** By MARSTON BATES. *Chapman & Hall.* 16*s.*

This book is unusual in being concerned with ideas rather than facts, with an attitude rather than the results of experiments. It deals with the methods and general principles used and held by ecologists—the biologists who study the relations of plants and animals to each other and to the rest of their environment. This study Dr. Bates equates with "natural history," though ecology to-day is far more rigorous and elaborate than what usually passes for natural history in schools and elsewhere.

The importance of the subject is being forced on us by the publicity given by the neo-Malthusians to human ecology. "The effects of floods," writes Dr. Bates,

> of hurricane, of earthquakes, of volcanic eruptions, of natural erosion, the effect of all these processes fades into insignificance beside the effect of man with an axe.

But he does not succumb to the hysteria about the inevitability of starvation, and his text throughout is more free than most from contemporary biological myths. It is balanced in tone, readable and sometimes entertaining. This, despite the fact that the purpose of the book is explicitly missionary: it is "to arouse an interest in an attitude, to explain a point of view, using facts only in so far as they may be necessary as illustrations for this attitude, this point of view." And he adds:

> Science remains a rather mysterious affair, cultivated by a special priesthood, guarded by an unintelligible jargon. We are all exposed to science in school: but the dissection of the frog or the smells of the chemical laboratory have about as much relation to the living discipline of science as do the rules for the ablative absolute to the living language in which Cicero plays his games of politics.

The characteristics of science as a living discipline are that it is objective, quantitative and free from occult qualities such as "mind" or "vital force." The quantitative aspect is particularly clear in modern ecological studies, and Dr. Bates—who is a distinguished exponent of the applications of population studies to malaria control—brings this out well in a chapter on the behaviour of animal populations, though without using a single formula or graph. Characteristically, he follows a discussion of "overcrowding" with one of the equally real but less considered phenomenon of undercrowding.

The book as a whole, however, is uneven. The first six chapters are a rather pedestrian introduction to biology in general, including problems of classification, reproduction and development, and the reader may well skim these very lightly. The next seven chapters make the ecological core of the book, and had they been expanded at the expense of the rest the result might have been very valuable indeed. In the discussion of evolution which follows, the best passages—and they are brief—are those which give the results of actual research.

The danger of human interpretation of protective adaptations is nicely illustrated by MacGinitie's observations on the action of the "ink" cloud pro-

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duced by a frightened octopus. This ink discharge is completely analogous to the human device of a smoke screen, and one would automatically assume that it served that function for the octopus. From observing octopuses and moray eels (which specialise in octopus eating) MacGinitie concluded that the actual effect of the discharged ink is to paralyse the sense of smell of the moray (or other enemy). To quote MacGinitie: ". . . we have often seen the moray actually put its nose against the octopus and not know the octopus was there."

On generalities about evolution Dr. Bates is weak, with a tendency to leave the most difficult bits to "the philosophers." Similarly, his discussion of some of the knotty points of animal behaviour or psychology—an excellent opportunity for illustrating biological method—is superficial and shows no acquaintance with recent work on the subject.

This muddle on topics of the most general importance is notable in the short passages on the social nature of science. Science is a product of human societies, arising from human needs, and at moments this is clearly recognised. But, as Dr. Bates also points out, the activities of individual scientists, from their own point of view at least, are often determined by personal inquisitiveness. The two statements are not contradictory, but Dr. Bates fails to distinguish clearly the social from the individual causes of scientific advance.

The author is fully aware of the dangers of writing a book of this sort:

> All of my colleagues will read this book (not for information, but to find what mistakes I have made—I do the same with their books) and none will agree with the emphasis or the point of view, and they will be volubly dismayed at the topics I have neglected.

The present review may be written off as an example. The lay reader, to whom the book is addressed, may well find it more instructive than misleading, and it is to be welcomed as a genuine, if only partly successful, attempt to give a down-to-earth picture of modern biology.

ANTHONY BARNETT

## SHORTER REVIEWS

**Ship Models.** By C. FOX SMITH. *Country Life.* 30s.

Miss Fox Smith has written a text, scholarly yet wholly delightful, in which a high standard of learning is joined to romance. To the many who have enjoyed her understanding poems in *Punch* on the old life at sea, six of which are reproduced here, it will be enough to say that she shows that she knows the ships as well as she does the men. The intrinsic beauty of ship models is illustrated here in nearly fifty pages of excellent reproductions, well chosen from a wide range in time and space. Another twenty-five pages are occupied by detailed notes on their history and on that of the ships they represent.

The bone "prisoner of war" models are well represented. They are a sad commentary on the decline in humanity in war, for can anyone imagine a modern prisoner being allowed the tools needed to make them? Miss Fox Smith thinks it likely that some were made by American sailors captured in whaling ships, though the very high standard of bone work is a tradition probably due to skilled French ivory workers. Though neither the oldest nor the most valuable historically of models, their beautiful workmanship, and the remembrance of the circumstances in which they were made, render them perhaps the most attractive of their kind.

**A Reader's Handbook to Proust.** By P. S. SPALDING. *Chatto & Windus.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Spalding has listed, with much intelligence and charm, the significant appearances of 368 characters and 440 themes in *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*. Page-references are given to the current twelve-volume edition of Scott-Moncrieff's translation, whose format the *Handbook* matches. A synopsis of the novel, an essay on the keys to its characters and places, and a chronology of Proust's life are also provided. Of course, this pocket-score to the Proustian symphony is useful; one can trace in a few moments anything from the lifelines of Saint-Loup or the little phrase, to Bloch's (so to speak) Christian name or the elusive third visit to Balbec; but, better still, it is readable. The individual entries are aphorisms, metaphors, jests and events charged with Proust's unique affect, while the headings under which they are grouped present persons and ideas in complete graphs, like mounting, poised and breaking waves. The novel's inner shapes are shown with a telescopic verity invisible to the naked eye. This is an indispensable desk-book for Proustian scholars, a fascinating bedside-book for ordinary addicts.

In the bogus fragment of the *Goncourt Journal* read by Marcel at Tansonville, Proust parodied the diarist's pride in his "absolutely exceptional reputation in Galicia and the north of Poland"; he made fun of the *Goncourt Journal*, but not, when he won it, of the Goncourt Prize, or of "my 750 unanswered letters of congratulation," one of which came from "the President of the Swedish Academy." Prize and letters were stages in his progress, which he died before completing, to the fame that is an aspect of Time Regained, a work of art eternally mirrored in the world. The impassioned reader's search for the last secrets of detail and form is itself an effect and symbol of this Platonic fame. Fame is as sensible as a dictionary.

**London and Its Environs.** By KARL BAEDEKER. *Allen & Unwin.* 15s.

The post-war Baedeker is a much slimmer, lighter affair than those red volumes on the shelf; as though capacious pockets had vanished, and restricted travel had meant decent cutting-down. Gone are the long sectional maps and the index of streets: the new visitor will have to inquire his way, or confine himself to Central London. A Tube map, a London calendar, and a table giving Times of Admission to the Principal Sights offer their assistance. Hotels are (in general) graded but not priced, and the same with restaurants, the starring of which may seem to native tastes somewhat bizarre. Sport seems fairly well provided for. The Exhibition is here, if gone in fact. War damage has been studiously surveyed. Double asterisks mark what should on no account be missed, and the museums and galleries are given a full 75 pages. The fourteen leprous maidens still introduce St. James's Palace, though Lincoln's Inn Fields lacks the usual recommendation, that it occupies an area equal to the base of the Great Pyramid. Caution, the hall-mark of Baedeker style, persists. The Albert Memorial "does not arouse universal admiration"; the Cavell statue has been "much criticised." (New Regent Street, apparently, has not.) The Law Courts are a "vast but unpractical pile"—pretty strong, this; and, stronger and even better, the Leicester Square Odeon is accorded the epithet "funereal." One new feature gives to the familiar page an unfamiliar look: the inch-square thumb-nail sketches, of which there are eighty, and which range from a policeman's head and the silhouette of St. Paul's to Canonbury Tower and Olympia. Baedeker, like London, has suffered war damage. But who would guess, but for the information sheet that reaches reviewers, that all records and blocks had been destroyed, and that with this twentieth edition a fresh start has been made?

**The Alpine Annual: Volume II.** *Dent.* 30s.

The *Alpine Journal* contains a good deal of writing of interest far beyond the confines of one particular club. So the Alpine Club and Messrs. Dent have had the good idea of binding up the bulk of the two issues published each year into one volume—omitting only proceedings of the Club, accessions to the Library, and other items of domestic concern, but including the illustrations and the useful record of new and various expeditions. In this second volume of the venture H. W. Tilman writes on his 1949 Nepal expedition, Eric Shipton on his and Tilman's attempt on Bogdo Ala the previous year, General Norton sums up the problems and possibilities of the final stage of Everest. Other articles describe climbs in Alaska, Norway, the Graians and Skye, as well as the Central Alps: Bernard Pierre is particularly readable and terrifying on lavishly pitoned ascents of Piz Badile and the Aiguille Noire de Peuterey. The Alpine historian has half a dozen articles for his benefit—Sir John Herschel on the Breithorn, A. G. Girdlestone's account of the Matterhorn accident in 1865, some early ascents of Mont Blanc. A characteristic broadside from Arnold Lunn on Alpine Puritanism will almost certainly irritate, and a painstaking study by R. P. Mears on the climbing rope as certainly edify, any reader who has anything to do with climbing mountains.

**Celtic Art, the Methods of Construction.** By GEORGE BAIN. *MacLellan.* 42s.

Mr. Bain has analysed in a hundred pages of diagrams the progressive stages of geometric construction behind the intricate decorations of Celtic and particularly Pictish art. Beginning with the basic Knotwork, Spiral and Key patterns, he goes on to deal with particular examples from the pre-Christian and almost entirely abstract stone-carved decorations, and later with examples from manuscript illuminations (Book of Kells, Gospels of Lindisfarne) which incorporate human, animal and plant forms. The few pages of written explanation arouse one's curiosity about things rightly outside the scope of this book—the symbolic meaning of abstract motifs, the similarities between Pictish, Ukrainian and Mediterranean work of different periods, the religious superstitions about portraiture.

The book is addressed primarily to students, designers and craftsmen and is intended to reawaken their interest in their own Northern tradition so that by studying the basic rules of Celtic design they may apply them to their own contemporary work. Probably the discipline and discoveries inherent in such study would be valuable; whether, however, the same principles can be applied directly to contemporary work is another question. The illustrated examples of modern work lack vitality. Nevertheless, Mr. Bain has compiled a useful book for those interested in the anatomy of the subject.

**Italian Life and Landscape.** II. NORTHERN ITALY AND TUSCANY. By BERNARD WALL. *Elek.* 18s.

Mr. Wall evidently knows Italy well; but to write a good book about Italy one must have received visual impressions, and be able to communicate them vividly. In this point his book, a successor to *Rome and South Italy*, fails; it shows no talent for descriptive writing. Italy without Art is a fair subject for a writer to tackle if he makes explicit his intention. But Mr. Wall's paragraphs are spattered with ill-chosen little art references: in Bologna the Quercia tomb in San Giocomo is mentioned, but not the reliefs on the facade of San Petronio; Reni's Transfiguration of St. Dominic above the shrine of that saint, but not the Picture Gallery. *Parvum in parvo* may be an unkind estimate, but for a reader who knows Italy these impersonal pages can hardly recall either its life or its landscape; while to one who does not they are communicative only in point of the literary figures they discuss.

**Productivity and Trade Unions.** By F. ZWEIG. *Blackwell.* 21s.

The author of this book is a firm believer in what he calls the "clinical approach" to the diagnosis of industrial and labour relations—the method of building up a picture from first-hand observation and the cross-checking of many personal interviews and informal talks. It is a method of which he made good use in a previous book, *Men in the Pits*; and these five studies, conducted in 1948-49 into building, cotton, iron and steel, printing and engineering, are, in their way, equally valuable. They provide a body of honestly presented and, in many respects, highly significant material from which the student of industrial psychology can draw his own inferences.

The conclusions which Mr. Zweig draws himself are (rightly) cautious: he describes them himself as "varied and incongruous." For instance, on the issue of restrictive practices, he finds that it "all depends": bans on piece-work imposed by trade unions may not necessarily inhibit output, and "closed shops," restrictive in theory, may make in practice for smoother working and higher production. On the whole, the effect of these studies is to acquit trade unions of the charge of generally restricting output; but, here again, much turns on the nature of the union's membership, the history of past relations with which it is "loaded," and the attitude of the individual management. The studies show that many theoretically restrictive practices are aimed reasonably at the protection of skills, and that in happy firms such practices are made by local agreement so flexible as to be unobjectionable.

COMPANY MEETINGS

# WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

## THE NATION'S TASK

## LORD ALDENHAM'S STATEMENT

THE Statement by the Rt. Hon. Lord Aldenham, Chairman of Westminster Bank Limited, has been circulated to Shareholders, with the Report and Accounts for the year ended December 31, 1951, which will be presented at the Annual General Meeting at the Head Office on Wednesday, February 13. The following is a summary of the Statement.

Lord Aldenham, after recounting the year's changes in the Directorate, commented on the accounts. The Profit and Loss Account showed a profit of £1,405,453, a decrease of £65,578 compared with 1950. Operating expenses, mainly Staff costs, had continued to rise, but earnings had risen also; and the Bank should have been able to show an increased profit, in spite of increased taxation, but for the most unwelcome fall in the prices of British Government securities, which persisted throughout the year and, in the later months, became accentuated. This fall in British Government securities necessitated also a large encroachment upon the Bank's internal reserves.

### RISE IN ADVANCES

A notable feature of the 1951 Balance Sheet was a rise of nearly £54 million in the item "Advances to Customers and Other Accounts," but a large proportion of this increase was due to borrowings by Public Authorities. Advances to industry and trade would have been appreciably larger had it not been for the Bank's compliance with the official policy of restraint upon lending.

In November, H.M. Treasury decided to fund £1,000 million of Treasury Bills by an issue of an equivalent amount of Serial Funding Loan Stock. By this means the Treasury had brought about a severe curtailment in the capacity of the banks to make further advances, and many would-be borrowers would find that it would be even harder for them to obtain from the Bank financial assistance which they might well consider to be merited.

Our foreign business continues to expand and this, in the main, accounts for the increase of over £26 million in the item "Acceptances, Endorsements and Other Engagements on account of Customers."

Our Subsidiary in France and Belgium, Westminster Foreign Bank, has continued to play an active part in financing the export and import of goods, and the results continue to be quite satisfactory.

The Ulster Bank—our Affiliate in Ireland—continues to make good progress.

### DETERIORATION OF NATIONAL AFFAIRS

The Chairman's Statement then proceeds to remark on the country's economic position in terms which may be summarised as follows.

The deterioration in our national affairs which the year 1951 has brought about is very much in all our minds. The Prime Minister told us in November that on the then existing trends and policies the United Kingdom would have in 1952 a deficit on its general balance of payments of between £500 million and £600 million, while the loss to the central gold and dollar reserve of the sterling area might be appreciably more. How gravely different a picture this gives compared with 1950, when the balance of payments for the United Kingdom showed a surplus of £221 million and the sterling area as a whole earned a gold and dollar surplus of £287 million, exclusive of Marshal Aid.

The new Government has already taken two very important steps towards meeting our dangerous situation in making drastic cuts in our imports and in restricting credit for non-essential purposes. But it cannot even be hoped that these steps will be sufficient by themselves, and we have been warned by the Prime Minister of the need for further unpleasant action which the Government will have to take early this year.

It is greatly to be hoped that during 1952 we shall give up any complacency induced by the expression "the terms of trade have moved against us"—as if that were an adequate excuse for failure to balance our external accounts. No business could survive for long that attempted to explain losses year after year by the fact that the terms of trade had moved against it; it would have to examine its buying and its selling methods, and above all its costs, and by economy or by increased productivity bring its accounts into balance. The nation must do the same. We have done much of which we may be proud in the way of increasing the volume of our exports since the war, but not yet enough.

In almost every month from January to November the cost of living has gone up and weekly wage rates have gone up more or less similarly. The increases in wages themselves cause further rises in prices, and rising prices lead to continuous and successful pressure for higher wages; and that pressure cannot fairly be resisted by any one industry alone.

Every increase in earnings, when not matched by increased production, lowers the purchasing power of the pound sterling and ultimately places a strain on its value in the foreign exchange market—and this at a time when all our efforts should be devoted to stabilising the value of our currency at home and abroad.

### NEED FOR INCREASED PRODUCTION

The solution of most of our economic problems lies ultimately in an increase of production, and, since we already have a condition of full employment, we must secure an even greater output from our present labour force. We ought to be able to learn something from the country whose industrial output has been sufficient not only to support a high standard of living, but also to permit assistance on a most generous scale to ourselves and to other countries. The reports of the teams which have been visiting the United States under the auspices of the Anglo-American Productivity Council are well worth our study.

There has been a most welcome increase of six million tons in the total output of coal in 1951 compared with 1950 and the highest estimate of output given in the Economic Survey has been surpassed. But when we consider the improvement in the economic affairs of our own country and of all Western Europe which could be brought about by an extra 20 million tons of British coal, we see the matter in a truer perspective.

The need to defend the present exchange value of the pound sterling is very clear, and in this respect a special responsibility rests with the United Kingdom in view of her position as banker to the sterling area. The remedial measures already adopted by the Government and the foreshadowing of others to follow may be taken as a token of our determination to defend the value of the pound and to restore its prestige throughout the world.

### A MAJOR PROBLEM

The need to preserve the internal purchasing power of our currency is scarcely less urgent. The question of how to check the constant tendency for prices to rise, which seems inherent in the condition of full employment, is one of the major problems of our times, and one which by no means concerns this country alone. A real injustice is inflicted on all individuals whose incomes are fixed; and the rise in prices is a factor which is constantly in mind in the Bank in trying to hold the balance fairly between Staff salaries and the Bank's earning powers.

The effect of falls in the purchasing power of money upon savings is particularly harmful. There is an ingrained habit of thrift among the British people which could do much to check the immediate evils of inflation if it were again encouraged, or were at least not actively discouraged by the instability of the currency as in recent years. The net additions year by year to National Savings have dwindled from £444 million in 1946 to the tiny figure of £3½ million (after allowing for repayment of Defence Bonds) in 1951, and we shall have lost a most valuable weapon against inflation if this trend is not soon reversed.

A rise in the Bank Rate was formerly accepted by the business world as a sign that a contraction of credit was needed and was imminent, and the business world quickly responded. The recent return to a policy of a flexible Bank Rate has been accepted as such a sign, and has proved, with the other measures taken at the same time, more significant than the actual rise in the rate.

Lord Aldenham's Statement concludes, "if it were possible during 1952 for the Government and the employers and the Trade Unions, working together, to get it across to our whole nation that there is no heaven-ordained standard of living for the British people, and that it is only by our own efforts that we can surmount the difficulties with which we are at present surrounded, I should feel great confidence that the grisly spectre of idleness and hunger, so rightly raised as a warning by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had been for ever laid."

# MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

## ILLUSIONS FOSTERED BY INFLATION

## EXTRACTS FROM THE LATE CHAIRMAN'S STATEMENT

The 116th annual general meeting of Midland Bank Limited will be held on Feb. 15 at the Head Office, Poultry, London, E.C.

*The Directors deeply regret the loss by sudden death of their distinguished Chairman, The Most Hon. The Marquess of Linlithgow. In the circumstances they feel it to be fitting that his Statement, which was at an advanced stage of preparation at the time of his death, should appear without amendment. Extracts therefrom follow.*

The Statement begins with a reference to the disappointing setback of 1951 and stresses in particular the shrinkage in the purchasing power of the pound and the deterioration in the balance of payments. The setback was attributable in part to the demands of rearmament, but evidence was cited of general overstrain in the economy, and the need was emphasised for greater flexibility throughout the system.

It would be absurd, the Statement continues, to look for a single remedy for overstrain and rigidity. Government measures alone cannot suffice; complete and speedy success requires enlightened support for a plainly expounded policy, fair in its incidence and designed to serve the national interest as a whole. Hence a useful groundwork is to identify and expose in the plainest possible terms some of the illusions created or fostered by inflation.

The first may be called the illusion of welfare, which springs from the fact that inflation is usually accompanied by over-full employment with rising incomes. Too often it is forgotten that the inevitable concomitants of inflation is a cumulative rise in prices, including even the basic living costs. Further, the burden of taxation tends to grow, if only because of the diminution of the real value of income tax allowances and the movement of increasing incomes into the range of high tax rates. Thus inflation accounts for the fact that, despite successive post-war budget reliefs for smaller incomes, the number of people paying income tax today is larger than ever before.

Secondly, there is the illusion of security. The loss of value of accumulated savings, through long-continued inflation, has latterly become widely appreciate and may indeed have been a deterrent to fresh saving out of current incomes, thus giving added impetus to the inflationary trend. Less widely apprehended are the similar effects upon the adequacy of personal provision against misfortune, as through life insurance and contributory schemes for the protection of widows and orphans, and upon the effectiveness of pensions schemes and social service provisions.

A further count against inflation is that it creates an illusion of prosperity. In times of inflation business profits, as ordinarily computed, show an expansive trend, and Government revenue from the taxation of profits is correspondingly buoyant. But just because profits are easier to make than in more rigorous times the incentives to economical production and distribution are weakened. In reality, the profits themselves are largely illusory, but taxation is levied on the basis of the fortuitously swollen figures. Thus some part of the tax on profits—and perhaps even some part of the dividend paid out—may in effect have been levied on the capital in the business, while true profits, so far from increasing, may in reality have been shrinking.

The process of inflation in this country is evidence of a persistent attempt to do more, by way of consumption, capital construction and defence, than our current productive resources and effort would justify—an attempt, that is, to live beyond our means.

### CORRECTIVE POLICY

Referring to the changes in monetary arrangements announced last November, the Statement remarks that drastic, unregulated deflation is no proper corrective for inflation, whereas controlled deflation, if skilfully managed, is carefully regulated with close and continuous regard for the dividing line between over-full and full employment, between debilitating strain and continuous, healthy activity.

Monetary action of this sort, however, cannot safely be charged with the entire responsibility for restoring health to our economic system. It has properly to be regarded as one part of a general assault on rigidity and inflexibility throughout the economic system.

The Statement examines the allegation, by critics of the Government's policy, that the recent monetary measures will yield to the banks wholly unwarrantable enrichment at the expense of the taxpayer and the borrowing customer.

One interesting point that the author makes is that a tendency is discernible on the part of workers to regard some devices, such as bans on overtime or "working to rule", as a substitute for strike action. But here, too, he is reluctant to generalise. His conclusion is, in short, that the real villain is the restrictive spirit, which, oddly enough, may coincide in a bad factory with commendably high "group morale." It follows that there is no royal road to the solution of the problem of labour relations. Not the least valuable point in Mr. Zweig's book is that it does much to debunk, by implication, the vaunted "science" of industrial psychology.

## Week-end Competitions

### No. 1,144

**Set by Fred Oyster**

The usual prizes are offered for the best title and blurb to a sequel (newly discovered in MS) of any one of the following: *Madame Bovary, Alice through the Looking Glass, The Ancient Mariner, Ann Veronica, War and Peace, Hamlet, Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Limit 150 words. Entries by February 5th.

### RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,141

**Set by G. W. Stonier**

The usual prizes are offered for a conversation between two Trafalgar Square pigeons. Limit 150 words.

**Report by G. W. Stonier**

The conversational pigeons took on with almost everyone; they strutted, they cooed, they whirred and splashed, and accents and reflections were now from St. James's, now from Warren Street. There were the fashionably travelled pigeons and the grumbling pigeons and the ex-service pigeons and the political pigeons and the pigeons on top of the world and the pigeons without a wing left to fly with. Listen to them. "No, I don't want anything large. We've been living up at the National Gallery and it's so draughty there." "I think I can offer you the very niche. Roosting space near window ledge; good crumbs supplied daily; Constant Hot Air from adjoining Government Department. (Doris Elles). "New, ain't yer?" "Yes. I just staked me perch on the Admiralty Sugaranstarch. Classy 'ere, what wiv fahntains and Christmas-trees. No starlinansparrer boys, neither." (D. L. L. Clarke). "I've been looking for Florence Nightingale, but I can't find her." (R. S. Jeffrey). "I never cared for Wren myself. Baroque is cosier, I maintain." (Cedric Flower). "Will you be breeding this year?" "I suppose so. What about you?" (P. T. Spranger). "And we can live as only 'columnists' know how." (H. Hodson). "What I say is, the Square is not Hyde Park, or Tower Hill: neither is it St. James's, I must admit that since they installed this artificial downpour — as if it didn't rain enough! — our social status has deteriorated." (A. M. Hassell). These were close runners-up; and just behind them came S.B.T., John Theobald, Colin Watson, Seumas, Baldwin, L. G. Udall, Allan M. Laing, Joan Lorne.

The winners—by, as it will have been gathered, a beak—are C. L. Ritchie, Reese Palley, A. M. Sayers, and Peter A. Connell, who share the prizes equally.

*The two pigeons are talking together in soft low tones beneath one of the Christmas trees.*

*He:* Shall we love?

*She:* Yes dear, in the Springtime.

*He:* Why wait so long dear?

*She:* Birds always do dear.

*He:* But the trees may be gone then.

*She:* Oh no dear, they won't take them away. They've put them there for us.

*He:* (*growing bright-eyed and a little excited*). Think of Our Own dear, bursting through—you know what! And finding themselves——

*She:* In heaven dear?

*He:* With golden suns and moons and stars swaying all round the little cradle!

*She:* (*suddenly depressed*). Yes dear perhaps, but my feet are growing cold.

*He:* (*suddenly depressed too and speaking tentatively*). Do you think it will ever happen dear?

*She:* I don't know dear, perhaps one year . . . .

(*Bubbles fly off and their voices are drowned by the traffic*)

C. L. RITCHIE

*Trafalgar Square . . . two pigeons conversing.*

"Coo."

"Coo."

REESE PALLEY

*Junior P.:*

Excuse me, reverend sir, a word—

*Senior P.:*

You pigeons should be seen—not heard;
Your prattle is a waste of time.
Go—manifest yourself in lime.

*Junior P.:*

But sir, don't be so jolly snooty.
So far I've always done my duty,
On Nelson daily I bestow
My quota to his crown of snow,
And make my proper contributions
To all the near-by institutions,
And yet, when I look round about,
I am assailed by honest doubt
And wonder if our occupation
Has universal approbation.

*Senior P.:*

What rubbish! Don't the people feed us?
That proves conclusively they need us.

*Junior P.:*

It may be so. But when I perch
At night time on St. Martin's Church,
I find the barricades of netting
Around the columns most upsetting.
They throw my theories in confusion,
And I am led to this conclusion:
Their object (since they scarcely aid us)
Is in some measure to dissuade us.

A. M. SAYERS

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY AS A PIGEON

It was with a feeling of having accomplished, be it ever so adroitly, something, which was in a sense, of a beautiful nuance, that she descended by him.

"You've left him then my dear." He wanted to be at this stage, so fervently correct, and he was of a sensibility to realise that it might have been him that had been left in the coop.

"I shall miss, you know, Gardencourt," she began, her eyes becoming of a blacker pigment, as in her mind she flew back there. "Life with him was intolerable. I've payed the price for my high flown ideas."

"He had then no consoling features, nothing for which you might ultimately have forgiven him?"

"He had," she said, preening herself gigantically, "a genius for pouting."

He became ever so consciously aware, that all things being resplendidly considered, he was, aviaristically speaking, a very lucky pigeon.

PETER A. CONNELL


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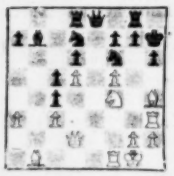
## CHESS: Sauce for the Goose . . .

### No 121

Yet, since in Chess we should take nothing for granted we can never be sure if it means "sauce for the gander" too. Nothing would seem to be more obvious than that a discovered check is something one should try to inflict rather than to suffer. Yet, here is a game in which Herr Heinicke (White) willingly exposed his uncastled K to more than one discovered check from Hamburg's lady champion Frau Kastens who, after a dozen moves, seemed a certain winner. Ten moves later, though, she had to resign. What happened was merely that each consistently followed his (or her) plan.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| (1) | P-Q4 | Kt-KB3 | (12) | K-Q1 | KtxKt |
| (2) | Kt-KB3 | P-Q3 | (13) | BxKt | Q-Q1 |
| (3) | P-KR3 | QKt-Q2 | (14) | P-K4!! | Kt-B3 ch |
| (4) | B-B4 | P-B3 | (15) | K-B2 | B-QB4 |
| (5) | QKt-Q2 | Q-B2 | (16) | R-Q1 | Q-K2 |
| (6) | B-R2 | P-K4 | (17) | B-Q6 | QxP ch |
| (7) | PxP | PxP | (18) | B-Q3 | Q-Q5 |
| (8) | Kt-B4! | Kt-K5!? | (19) | KR-K1 ch | B-K3 |
| (9) | KKt-xP! | B-Kt5 ch | (20) | RxB ch | PxR |
| (10) | P-B3 | KtxQBP | (21) | B-Kt6 ch | resigns |
| (11) | Q-Kt3 | Kt-Q4 ch | | | |



Perhaps we had better remind ourselves that, thus to challenge fate should be the exception rather than the rule. So here is a more orthodox example, meant to restore some proper respect for the dangers of a discovered check. There is quite a series of them, potential and real ones, in this position reached by Enevoldsen (White) in the Danish championship of 1937 (and reported in Kurt Richter's pretty new book *Schachmatt*; published by de Gruyter). Enevoldsen played (1) Kt-K6, and of course, if Black takes the Kt the resulting check-discovery, followed by BxKt and RxP ch is deadly. So Black played (1) . . .R-QB1. But White now sacrificed the Kt on Kt7, and after (2) . . .KxKt (3) QxP ch forced the Black K into yet another and immediately fatal discovered check.

In this week's competition **A**—White to win—is one of Rinck's prettiest pieces. Competitors who do not know it may well find it underrated with 6 points if I didn't give a useful hint by means of the one word *zugzwang*. **B** is a very subtle 4-mover and well worth another 6 points. As for **C**—White to draw—this may provide some little headache even for our crack competitors. I do not feel generous in rating it 7 points.

Usual prizes. Entries by February 4.

**A:** Henri Rinck 1934

**B:** Kraemer & Zepler 1931

**C:** C. Zakhodyakin 1946

### REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set January 5

A: (1) P-B7, K-Q3. (2) P queens etc.
if (1) . . . . P x P. (2) P-B8/R etc.
if (1) . . . . P x B. (2) P-B8(B) etc.
if (1) . . . . K-B3. (2) P-B8/(Kt) etc.

B: (1) P-B3! P-R4 ch. (2) K-R4, P-QR7. (3) R-B2 ch, K-Kt8. (4) K-Kt3, P-R5 ch. (5) K x P, P queens ch. (6) K-Kt3 etc
(1) P-B4 would be defeated by (5) . . . P-KR7. (6) R x KRP, QRP queens. (7) K-Kt3, Q-QR1!

C: (1) P-Kt6, P x P. (2) P-B6, P-Q5. (3) R- KR1!, R-B4 ch. (4) K-Kt1, R x P stalemate
if (3) . . . . R-Q4. (4) P-B7, R-Q1. (5) R-Kt1, K-Kt2. (6) R-K8, R-Q4. (7) R-Kt8 ch and draws.
if (1) . . . P-Q5. (2) P-Kt7, R x P!ch. (3) K-Kt1, R-Kt4 ch. (4) K-R1, R x P. (5) R-K8 ch, K-R2. (6) R-R8 ch etc

Quite a few competitors (ignoring my 'little hint) were stumped by **B**, and even more so by **C**. Prizes shared by L. S. Kennion and P. B. Sarson.

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Department of Education

A one-year course for the Certificate in Youth Leadership will be organized commencing in October, 1952. Applicants should be not less than 23 years of age on entry to the course and will be required to produce evidence of having attained an educational standard likely to enable them to profit from a course of University studies. They must also have done a substantial amount of practical youth work in a paid or voluntary capacity.

Final acceptance for the course will be limited to candidates who satisfy the Selection Board.

*Application forms and further details can be obtained from the Professor of Education, Royal Fort, Tyndall's Park, Bristol 8, to whom they should be returned not later than the 1st March, 1952.*

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COMPANY MEETINGS

# LLOYDS BANK LIMITED

## THE INFLATION DANGER

## LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH'S VIEWS

The Annual Meeting of Lloyds Bank Limited will be held in London on February 15.

In his Statement accompanying the report and accounts for 1951 the Chairman, The Right Hon. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, D.C.L., D.L., says that the profit, at £1,815,858, is £54,255 higher than in the previous year and may be considered satisfactory in view of the continued increase in running expenses.

It will be realised, however, that we have not been able to provide for the depreciation of our investments out of the profits of the year, but have utilised a part of our internal reserves for that purpose. Shareholders may view with satisfaction the fact that our securities are valued in our balance sheet at or under market price, for that in itself is a tribute to our internal strength. Current, Deposit and Other Accounts, at £1,171 millions, show a comparatively small increase of £22 millions on the year. Loans and Advances are £53 millions higher, at £342 millions, and it is difficult to visualise any immediate fall in this item in spite of the determination to reduce the supply of credit for less essential purposes.

When the new Government assumed office, Lord Balfour of Burleigh shows, "they were confronted with a situation which if not desperate was desperately critical. Our national standard of living, our daily bread, is in more acute danger than ever before in our long history, whether in peace or war. Unless we can learn to pay our way abroad, then, as Mr. Butler very truly said, we shall before long find ourselves 'bankrupt, idle and hungry.' Views may differ about the steps which must be taken to ward off that very real threat; what is important, as Mr. Gaitskell urged last October, is that arguments should be appraised on their own merits, that we should argue it out 'peacefully, fully and, if possible, rationally and calmly.'

"The crisis in our overseas payments has not come upon us out of a clear sky. Even twelve months ago, the situation was already one of great danger. With rearmament beginning and taxable capacity already strained to the limit, there were all the makings of an inflationary upsurge, and a country in which inflation is rampant will always experience the greatest difficulty in balancing its overseas payments.

### RETURN TO MONETARY DISCIPLINE

"In one respect, the remedial measures now adopted differ from those employed on previous occasions—and it is, fundamental: namely, the decision to reinforce the physical controls by the use of monetary measures. This is the most important change in our official policies for many years past for, however painful they may be, the new monetary measures do hold out hope for our future economic recovery.

"Hitherto, there has at all times been more than enough money in existence to feed the inflation; what we have needed has been an actual reduction in the volume of deposits. The authorities could bring about such a contraction by limiting the cash reserves of the banks, but the adoption of this method was formerly ruled out by the determination to peg the Treasury bill rate at around ½ per cent. To end this system was thus the first indispensable step towards the resumption of control by the authorities over the volume of bank deposits."

Lord Balfour of Burleigh shows how the halting of inflation can assist in the solution of specific problems of great urgency, such as the need for more coal, the need to fill the half-million or more vacant jobs in defence industry, to curb imports and step up exports.

In conclusion, he urges that we must all play our part, uncomfortable though it may be, in keeping prices under control, for runaway inflation "could destroy almost overnight the whole complex structure of our daily life, carefully built up over long years. The process will be painful—it has already proved so to the banks, who have suffered tens of millions of depreciation in the market value of their gilt-edged investments. But for the countless victims of inflation—the millions whose incomes have not kept pace with mounting prices—the return to one degree of monetary discipline holds out the first real hope of a tolerable future."

# NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED

## GOVERNMENT'S EFFORTS TO COMBAT INFLATION

## THE EARL OF SELBORNE ON COUNTRY'S ECONOMIC PROBLEMS

THE 119th Annual General Meeting of National Provincial Bank Limited will be held on February 14 in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement of the Chairman (The Right Hon. The Earl of Selborne, P.C., C.H.):—

The net profit for the year is £1,469,765. This compares with £1,454,811 for 1950. An interim dividend of 7½ per cent. has been paid. It is proposed to pay a final dividend of 7½ per cent.; to make an appropriation to Contingencies of £750,000; thereafter a balance of £957,723 will remain to be carried forward.

### TRANSFORMATION IN FINANCIAL ATMOSPHERE

The past few weeks have seen a transformation in the financial atmosphere. The new Government had at once to face many pressing problems. The orgy of expenditure, in which the previous Government had indulged since the war, was bringing its inevitable retribution. How serious the situation was has been revealed in the latest announcement of the gold and dollar reserves of the sterling area. No doubt there are some exceptional factors involved in the current drain on the reserves—but the fundamental difficulty is that not only we, but other countries of the sterling area, are spending more than we are earning. In no circumstances must matters be allowed to drift and it is greatly to be hoped that vigorous measures will be taken to remedy the drain on our common resources.

The ill effects of six years of extravagance cannot be repaired in a few months, but the Government has given evidence of its determination to put a stop to inflation, which was clarly its first duty. Inflation may be unavoidable in time of war or under the stress of rapid rearmament, but in times of peace it is inexcusable. It is a primary duty of the Government of every civilised country to maintain a stable currency.

### NEED FOR ECONOMIES AND REDUCED TAXATION

The control of bank credit and capital investment are merely the mechanical devices for managing the flow of money; inflation can only be stopped if the underlying pressures can also be controlled. In particular, the Government must limit the demands on our resources made by it and by the nationalised industries for which it is responsible. It is not in the national interest that private industry and trade should bear the whole brunt of the restriction of credit and higher charges. We cannot have a system of tight credit and high rates for industry and laxity in expenditure and cheap money for public undertakings.

The plain fact is that the present level of national and local taxation is causing a steady erosion of personal, industrial and national assets. If, therefore, this country is to regain its economic health and increase its productivity, there must be a drastic reduction of taxation and a reform of its incidence. But the Budget has to be balanced if we are not to have a runaway inflation. In order to lower taxation, therefore, Government expenditure must be reduced. Economies are always unpleasant, but it will be more unpleasant if we are left without the means to buy food and raw materials from abroad.

### INCREASED PRODUCTIVITY ESSENTIAL

In conclusion, I welcome the initial steps the Government has taken to restore confidence abroad in our solvency. We must honour our obligations, even if it involves some reduction in our standard of living. It is the only way to re-establish our credit in the world. I hope the day may not be too far distant when sterling will again take its old and honoured place as a free and convertible international currency.

There remains the greatest problem of all—the question of wages, prices and cost of living. These are all chasing one another, and until the vicious spiral is broken the prospects of a recovery must be regarded as doubtful. Unless costs can be kept down, we cannot hope to sell our goods abroad in the face of competition, and with the re-entry of Germany and Japan into world markets, competition is bound to increase. In this matter, as in others, both Labour and Management must recognise that half a loaf is better than no bread, and their fullest co-operation in the spirit of partnership is more than ever necessary.

Without an increase of productivity and export there is no hope of maintaining either our present standard of life or our position in the world.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT

ADMINISTRATIVE Class of the Home Civil Service; Senior Branch of the Foreign Service; Special Departmental Classes: Statistician Class; Executive Class (University Graduates). Over-age candidates. The Civil Service Commissioners announce that for the open competitions in 1952, the age limits have been specially extended to admit candidates born on or after August 2, 1925, who were debarred by the age rule from competing in 1951 or 1952 and whose degree course was completed in 1951 or will be completed in 1952. Full particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 11-22 52 OA. Completed application forms should be returned to those addressed by February 28, 1952, but in exceptional circumstances they will be accepted up to the end of March.

B.B.C. requires Drama Booking Manager in Programme Contracts Department. Duties: responsibility to Head of Programme Contracts for engaging, negotiating fees and issuing contracts for dramatic artists required by all B.B.C. Services in London; study of current developments in the theatre and other branches of the entertainment industry; to arrange auditions; general management of staff and work of Drama Booking Section. Essential qualifications: good general knowledge of theatrical and film worlds and wide and up-to-date acquaintance with artists' and working conditions; skill and tact in dealing with artists' agents and managers; ability to apply and absorb instructions, trade union agreements and official regulations and to manage staff and conform to procedure of a large organisation. Knowledge of international affairs, Labour Movement and of the Socialist International, and drafting ability essential. Languages, especially French and/or German, an advantage. Salary in the range £750 to £900 according to qualifications and experience. Application forms, to be returned with specimens of written work not later than Wednesday, February 13, from Morgan Phillips, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

SCHOOLMASTER and Woman Teacher's Chronicle. Applications are invited for the position of Business and Advertising Manager of "The Schoolmaster and Woman Teacher's Chronicle," the organ of the National Union of Teachers. Remuneration according to qualifications and experience. The person appointed will be expected to commence duty on an early date, and, subject to the successful passing of a medical examination, will be eligible for inclusion in the Company's pension scheme. Applications, with testimonials and the names of two referees, must reach the Secretary of the Schoolmaster Publishing Company, Ltd., Hamilton House, Hastings Street, London, W.C.1, by February 16, 1952.

DULWICH College Mission. Research Worker. Dulwich College Mission proposes to appoint a Research Worker to investigate social needs and the place of voluntary organisations in a London borough. Applicants for the post should preferably be graduates of a British university, and aged between 25 and 35. The appointment will be for two years, with a possibility of extension for a further two and three years. Details of the post may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Dulwich College Mission, The Hollington Club, 32 Crown Street, Camberwell, S.E.5.

BERKSHIRE County Council. (1) Housemother, experienced, wanted to take charge of cottage accommodating 12 boys (ages aged 13-14 years, Wallingford. Salary £5 14s., less £1 9s. per week for board and lodging. (2) Assistant Housemother wanted for help with care of 16 school-age boys and girls at Mortimer, near Reading. Salary £5 7s. per week less £1 9s. per week for board and lodging. Application forms from Children's Officer, 35 Bath Rd., Reading. E. R. Davies, Clerk of the Council.

THE Leeds Zionist Council invites applications for the position of Organising Secretary. Candidates should have some knowledge of Jewish affairs. Applications, stating qualifications, experience and age, should be addressed to The Chairman, Leeds Zionist Council, 307 Chapeltown Rd., Leeds, 7.

HOUSEMOTHER, educ., under 40, reqd. for small Co-ed. Day School, several boarders. Poss. work husband following own profession; pref. no children. Principal, Ormiston, Weybridge, Surrey. Weybridge 2711.

TWO Assistant Wardens reqd., male & female, at Isondon Hostel for homeless people of all ages. Applicants must have Christian & social outlook. Apply in writing stating age, experience and salary required to: L. J. Green, Room 17, Kingsway Hall, Kingsway, W.C.2.

CLUB Leader (Woman) wanted for Residential Settlement in East London, to take charge of Junior Clubs and to assist with Youth Club. Further particulars and forms of application from The Warden, St. Hilda's East, 3 Old Nichol St., E.2.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ELIZABETH Fry Approved Hostel for girls on probation, 18 Highbury Terrace, London, N.5, require a Junior Matron aged under 30. Salary £265 per annum, less 30s. per week for board and lodging.

ASSISTANT matron of the Jewish faith is required for home for 30 residents suffering from mental and nervous disorders. Applications in writing with full details of qualifications and experience to the Secretary, Jewish Board of Guardians, 127 Middlesex St., London, E.1.

YHA requires Wardens, either married but without young children, or single, for large new hostel in London. Apply Secretary, London Region Youth Hostels, Ltd., 22 Gordon Sq., W.C.1.

LONDONDERRY High School, Northern Ireland. Required in September Assistant Mistress to take Gymnastics and Games throughout the School. Applicants should have qualifications from a college recognised by the Ministry of Education. Salary according to Ministry's scale. A bonus towards travelling expenses may be granted to a suitable candidate from Great Britain. Apply to the Head Mistress.

WELL KNOWN gramophone and record company requires an Assistant for Cataloguing Department. Some knowledge of music and of languages an advantage. Please write, giving particulars of qualifications, experience and salary required, to Box 8688.

IRVING Theatre Club req. sng. educated Typist with knowledge shorthand. Starting salary £5. Apply 17 Irving St., W.C.2.

AT your service for introductions to secretarial posts in Central London. Call and see Miss Topham, Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED

B.B.C. magazine programme producer, bachelor, 32. Left-inclined, redundant, seeks any kind of work where adaptability, imagination, integrity and other assets and virtues will earn due reward in sterling, dollars (U.S. or Mex.), roubles or other comparable currency. Radio journalism and publicity experience, fluent Spanish, good French, progressive German, declining Russian, shorthand, typing and so on. Sensible suggestions or offers, please, to Box 8175.

YOUNG woman freelance designer seeks supplement occupation's sporadic nature by regular interesting work. Box 8178.

LONDON Art teacher, ex-W.L.A., sks. job in rural establishment. Would help on farm (spec. dairying), housekeeping, teaching children, or in guest hse., &c. Box 8375.

INTELL. yng. woman, fond of country, children, animals, sks. post with prog. people as Sec./Nanny/Compan. Box 8113.

SINGLE woman (30), intelligent rel. worker, pleasant pers., fair French, good gen. knowl., matriculated, desires change from commercial clerical work. Anything of interest welcomed. Box 8112.

WOMAN grad. (27), Lond. M.A., sh./typ., indexing, prf.-reading, edit., sks. pref. pt.-time work, Lond. Box 8022.

YOUNG man seeks employment, London. Univ. qualifications econ. Box 8325.

FRENCH lady, sec., nursing exp., requires temporary, non-residential position with a family in London or Miss Devallous, 26 Schubert Rd., Putney, S.W.15.

LADY, German & Engl. shorthand, knowl. of book-kpg., French & Ital., gd. at figures, reliable, sks. congenial work. Box 8340.

GIRL artist, 27, A.T.D. portrait painter, studied abroad, reqs. interestin. work. Suggestions? Box 8160.

ART & Archæology artist/designer, reproduction processes, A.T.D., exped. excavator, draughtsman; single, 28, museum teaching post pref., or suggestions to Box 8127.

LADY with good mixed administrative, social work and library experience, linguist, seeks stimulating reasonably remunerative part- or full-time work in London in e.g. art gallery, musical or educational organisation. All suggestions welcomed. Box 8114.

YOUNG lady, 24, expd. textile designer, unusual colour sense, imagination, taste, seeks job, London pref. Box 8273.

INTELLIGENT young woman (23) requires interesting part-time work Hampstead or near. Good secretarial qualifications and experience. Driver. Box 8326.

## FELLOWSHIPS

LONDON County Council. Robert Blair Fellowships in Applied Science and Technology. Applications are invited for the award of one or two Robert Blair Fellowships in Applied Science and Technology tenable for one year. The value of the awards (originally £450) is subject to variation, and may be in the neighbourhood of £900 if the country selected should be Canada or U.S.A. The fellowships are for advanced study or research in applied science and technology and will be tenable in the Dominions, the United States or other foreign countries. Candidates must be British subjects and at least 21 years of age. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Education Officer (E.O. H.(2)), The County Hall, S.E.1 (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary) to whom the form must be returned by March 1, 1952. (1448.)

## PERSONAL

PORTRAITS. Young established painter, over from Rome for 2 mths. while arranging March exhibn., London, willing undertake one or two portrait commissions. Mod. fees. Specimens & recommendations. Box 8379.

YOUNG foreign worker, Yugoslav, serious student of music, would be very grateful for loan of piano until summer when she is returning to Zagreb. All care taken. Carriage paid. Mrakovecic, Hazelcroft, Hazel Grove, Hindhead, Surrey.

FRENCH girl, 20, of good family, wishes to live 5-6 months as P.G. or au-pair with cultured family, to improve her English. Pref. London or university town. Details to Box 8069.

YOUNG woman, writer artist, seeks part-time work in London. Experienced, typemaking, printing, gardening, cooking, egc. Engaging personality. Serious suggestions please. No cranks/frivolities. Box 8021.

HOLIDAYS afloat. 63ft Houseboat, moored Salcombe, accom. 6 guests. Full board bed and breakfast. Weekends any period. Electric light, calor gas, fishing, mod. charges May, "Melody," Salcombe, Devon.

MAJORCA. House for 5 to let from mid-March; lovely situation. 16gns. month. 9 Oakley St., S.W.3.

OPPORTUNITY for young lady to spend 6 mths. abroad in connection with motor racing. Typist, knowledge of French, driver, mechanically-minded, adaptable. Details from Box 8125.

LIGHT-hearted family willing to receive two artists or foreign students, country house, Cornwall. 3gns. incl. Box 8231.

DOUGLAS Glass. Riverside 7522. Photographer of Men.

AUSTRIA. Paying guests taken Kitzbühl, Tyrol. English spoken. 6d. Austrian sh. per day. Pattial board. Box 8115.

HUNGARIAN and German for beginners and advanced students by painstaking native teacher. Mrs. Smekal, 8 Ackwright Road, N.W.3. Ham. 3818.

FREELANCE journalist, Editor, Reviewer (films, drama, art) can accept limited amount additional work. Box 8201.

SECRETARIAL assistance required in developing export business, on profit-sharing basis. Box 7972.

THE different Holiday—12-day cruises on England's lovely waterways. Waterborne Tours, BCM/CANALS (C), W.C.1.

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BERTOLA is the cream of sherries—Ask for Bertola Cream.

ANYONE interested in discussions, science, play-reading, art, music, literature, conversation in foreign languages (meetings held in West End), rambles, etc., please write for particulars: Box 8193.

JOHN Morris, late Vice-Principal The James Ching Pianoforte School, London, offers a specialised approach to the details of pianoforte technique and interpretation. 26 Warnborough Rd., Oxford. Tel.: 2151.

ABLE Boys. A week's memorable holiday on the Norfolk Broads learning to sail, for boys 11-15 (newcomers 11-13). April and Sept. Booklet from R. R. Skemp, M.A. (Oxon), 41 Bartlemas Road, Oxford.

PIANO Lessons for beginners and advanced pupils given by Professor of the Vienna Academy. EUS. 3466, ext. 65.

CANAL cruising holidays for lovers of fine scenery. Comfortable cruisers for 2-6 people. Houseboat and Motorboat. Canal Cruising (N), Stone, Staffs.

IMPROVE your English, French or German at the Sunday Language Circle, Sundays 4-7 p.m., S.K. Restaurant, South Kensington Station, Arcade, 1st floor.

OFFICE accom. for associations, sharing offices and essential services, reasonable charges. Write Research Co-ordination Committee, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

LONDON Panel of Personal Consultants. Please write for brochure to the Hon. Secretary, 10 York Gate, N.W.1.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Anwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

LUXURY motor Pullman tours of Europe. Visit in armchair comfort the renowned beauty spots of Europe. London back to London in the same armchair. Full-sized British coaches limited to 22 armchairs only. Write for brochure "G" to Luxury Land Cruises, Ltd., Prince House, 39 Jermyn St., London, S.W.1.

YUGOSLAVIA. British-Yugoslav Friendship Society, set up to further friendship and understanding between the two peoples, provides speakers and information. Write Hon. Sec., 2a Baydon Court, Lowndes Sq., S.W.1. This Society has no connection with any organisation of similar name.

## PERSONAL—continued

START thinking now about your summer holiday abroad. Small and friendly groups will be going on walking tours and other unconventional holidays, from Easter to the end of the summer. Write for full details to Ramblers' Assn., 48a Park Rd., N.W.1.

THE Midland Regional Council of the United Nations Association is seeking a small car for the use of its Regional Officer. Anybody with reasonable car to offer please contact U.N.A., 10 Great Charles Street, Birmingham, 3.

CONTINENTAL Holidays—not "organised" or mass produced, but arranged as you or your friends may want. Paris, 7 days from £12 10s.; Brittany, 10 days from £16 10s. 6d. Italy, 15 days from £27 11s. 6d.; and other countries. Switzerland also the Riviera, Spain, Austria. Switzerland phone. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. WHItehall 4114 5.

A CAMPING Tour through Sicily in April —17 days for only £37. 15s.—visiting Palermo, Catania, Mount Etna, Syracuse and Messina, and many other lovely and interesting places at the height of the Mediterranean spring. There is still time to book for this tour, and also for our many other holidays designed for the mid-season skier, in Norway, Switzerland and the Austrian Tyrol, at prices ranging from £25 for a 16-day tour. Alternatively we can offer a holiday by Lake Como, which includes a week's visit to Florence, at its most beautiful in the springtime. Call, write or 'phone for further details of our Winter and Easter programme, which includes these and many other delightful tours. National Union of Students, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. EUSton 2184.

WINTER Sports. There are still a few vacancies in our Winter Sports parties to the Austrian Tyrol (Kitzbuehel area), Feb. 1 or 15, £29 18s. 17 days' holiday all inclusive. Similar holidays March and Easter. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

PARIS for holidays under £15 a wk. all-incl. fr. London. I.U.S.Y. Travel Serv., Ltd., 21 Stratton Ground, S.W.1. ABB. 6894.

CORSICA. The best Mediterranean Sunshine Holiday is again available—for the 3rd Season—starting May 30 (Whit weekend) until end of September. London-Corsica by Air and fortnight at the Camp de l'Horizon on the beautiful Bay of Calvi for £39 10s. all-inclusive. For illustrated brochure apply to Horizon Holidays, Limited, 146 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. City 7163.

PROGRAMMES available for continental holidays at most attractive rates. Specialists in Switzerland through Swiss Hotel Plan Organisation, Hotel-Plan, Ltd., 245 Regent St., London, W.1. GRO. 8921.

SWITZERLAND is Cheaper—10-day holiday, 21gns., 14 days from 24gns. All inclusive, London back to London with excellent hotels and food and escorted travel. Perfect holidays at delightful lakeside & mountain resorts. Currency allowance ample. Write B.T. Swiss Travel Agency, 59 Crawford St., London, W.1. (Tel.: AMB. 4434/5.)

YOU do not need a holiday or a restcure if you have a course of Nerve Manipulation. A reintegrating treatment, relaxing and invigorating. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Ask for explanatory brochure. Inquiries: Welbeck 9600.

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EASTER in Paris. Conducted tour Good Friday to Monday, £11 10s., including air travel, hotel and full board. E.L.B. Tours, 14 Westbourne Grove, W.11. BAY. 5916.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

PIANO lessons by concert pianist Continental training. Tel. Vic. 0820.

ALLWAYS' Illustrated Booklet gives news of many exciting holidays at moderate cost. We shall be pleased to send you a copy. Allways, 17, Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. Chs. 6436.

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HOSPITALITY and care offered for convalescence or for the aged. Lovely house—lounge & garden. HAMpstead 2281.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £30.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

HALL, Leic. Sq. Meetings, Classes, Socials, 2pm. eve. 17 Irving St. WHI. 1677.

P.S. Good news for impecunious skiers! Harold Ingham has arranged two extra parties. Programme now. March 22 and April 5, Bretaye, Switzerland, 16 days, 25½ guineas. February 16, Obergurgl, Austria, 16 days, 26½ guineas, April 10, Innsbruck and Obergurgl, 18 days, 29½ guineas.

P.P.S. Want to know more? 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. Harrow 1040.

## ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

BAYSWATER service rooms with bkfst., h. & c. Phones all rooms. BAY. 3670.

FURNISHED service rooms and suites. No food, but ckg. facils. avail. C.H. & C.H.W. 121 Sloane St., S.W.1. Sloane 6009.

BLACKHEATH. Sitting-dining rm. and bedrm. for 2 men sharing. Breakfast and supper wkdays., all meals wkends. Telephone. Close Park and Maze Hill Stn. 20 min. Charing X. £3 each. Box 8236.

STUDENTS, especially coloured, offered comf. home with young couple, 45 Rosenthal Road, Catford, S.E.6.

DIVAN bed-sitt. All cons., nr. Tube. Private house. Tel. Amherst 4843.

FURNISHED flat to let, comprising double bedroom & kitchen-dinette. Hot & cold water, gas cooker & fires. Service, linen, etc., provided. Business people. Brown, 41 Honor Oak Rd., Forest Hill, S.E.23.

S.W.7. Service rooms. H. & C., gas/elec. fires. Resid. Manager. From 3½gns., 6gns. double, p.w. incl. bkfst. Dinner available. Permanent residents welcome. KEN. 9854.

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FURN. flatlet. Sep. kit. All conv. Suit bus. couple. 3gns. p.w. Cent. Box 8402.

BED-sit. room, flat. Nos. 1 & 8 bus route, Willesden, N.W.2. Box 8377.

RICHMOND Hill. Large furn. bed-sitting room. Magnificent view. Phone. Share kitchen. Gentleman only. Box 8401.

THREE furn. rooms, bath, kitchen, frig., c.h.w. King CUNningham 0413.

TWO bed-sitting rms. private residence. Breakfast, light, heat, bath, incl., reas., 35 mins. City. Tel. Putney 5387.

LONDON. Bed/brkfast. 12s. 6d. nightly. Comf. quiet hse. 2 min. Tube, 20 min. City and West End. Mrs. F. Boor, Cleff House Hotel, 43 The Grove, N.3. FIN. 5662.

LONDON for night or longer stay at 75 Hillfield Park, Muswell Hill, N.10. TUD. 3259. Room with bkfast. Mod. terms.

KENWYN Hotel, Earl's Court. 29 West Cromwell Road, London, S.W.5. Bed & Breakfast from 10s. 6d.; other meals optional; every comfort. FRObisher 1000.

HIGHGATE, large bed-sit., incl. breakf., evg. snack, Sun. lunch. 2½gns. Box 7958.

WELL-furn. bed-sitting-room with cent. heatg., 'phone and bathroom, breakfast. 3gns. p.w. 'Phone: BAY. 7456.

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

1/2 furn. rooms in unconvent. home nr. Epsom offd. to 1 person or father & child. Meals or separate ckg. facilities. Box 8133.

TO let: small furnished cottage, year, possibly longer. Country, sea, all conveniences, reasonable rent right tenants; interview London. Box 8330.

LOSING Handyman son, Devon bungalow-owner offers rm., 10s. wkly. rent, man willing fuse-mend, etc. Own seaview garden. Vegetarian meals possible. Box 8269.

17TH Century Cotswold Period Dower House to be let furnished, 4 bed., 2 rec., 2 bath, 2 loose boxes, 2 acres, 2 garages, 2 stoves (Aga & Calor). Central heating. Tel., 10gns. p.w. or near offer. Apply: Leslie, Marsh & Co., 344 Kensington High St., London, W.14.

DORSET: 3/6 mths., furn. attractive modernised cottage, elec., kit., 1 dble., 1 sgle. bedrm., 2 recep., bathrm., gd. gdn. Careful tenants, no children. Box 8437.

N. DEVON farmhouse, small s.c. furn. flat to let 7 miles Barnstaple. 3gns. wkly. long let, otherwise 4gns. July/August, includes c.f. & hot water. Box 7661.

FURN. Cottage, Rye neighbourhood, available beginning Febuacy. Five rooms, garden and garage, bath, electricity, telephone. All mod. conveniences. Extremely pretty, close to shops and bus-stop. Three guineas weekly for one year, or longer if desired. Apply Woodgate House, Beckley, Rye, Sussex.

FLAT, 2 rms., kit., use bath, edge Hampstead Heath offd. in each, similar accom. other part London. Rent mod. Box 8272.

LONDON. Negro author seeks reas.-priced bed-sitting room starting February, with evening meal. Box 8180.

YOUNG civil engineer and wife seek small furn./partly furn. flat from end of Feb. Putney preferred. Box 8138.

YOUNG engineer with m/cycle (working Westminster) reqs. couv.-situated bachelor accom. No restrictions. Box 8195.

WANTED: bed-sitting room, by Australian lady engaged in research. Gray's Inn or Russell Sq Refs. exchanged. Box 8270.

WOMAN student wants bed-sit. with cooking facs., near Central line. Could baby-sit occas. for low rent. Box 8295.

WOMAN Univ. lecturer wants unfurn. s.c. flat. Min. 4 rooms kitch. & bath. Max. incl. rent £140. Cent. London area. Box 8307.

ADVERTISING artist & wife seek unfurn. accom. pleasant surrdgs. outskirts London, reas. or in exch. sec. work. Box 8212.

## ACCOMMODATION—continued

IMMEDIATELY wanted by young prof. woman unfurn. s.c. 2-3-roomed centrally heated flat, in residential district London. Reasonable rent. Box 8297.

DOCTOR, wife, three children, seek accommodation, preferably unfurn., in or within 10 miles Oxford. Box 8301.

RETIRED couple seek house, 2-3 bedrms., mod. cons., country, secluded, S. England; wd consider furn. accom. Box 8315.

## SCHOOLS

BEDALES School, Petersfield (co-educational). Entrance Tests will be held at the school from April 3rd-5th. A few scholarships are available for boys and girls between the ages of 12 and 14 next September. Full particulars from the Headmaster.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed. B.

HILL House, Steeple Claydon, nr. Bletchley, Bucks, home boarding school, co-ed., 2-12. Fees £40 term. Good acad. results. Children/parents welcome in holidays. Mrs. J. E. M., Winter, B.A.

KING, Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent. Co-educational, 5 to 18. A group of 150 children and adults, creatively concerned with education, agriculture and the arts. Organic 200-acre farm. T.T. herd. Directors: J. C. Guinness, B.A., Karin Guinness (Dalcroze), R. G. H. Job, B.Sc.

MICHAEL House School, Tiketson, Derbys. A Rudolf Steiner School founded in 1934. Education for boys and girls from 4 to 18 years. Boarders accepted.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls 9-18. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

PINEHURST, Goudhurst, on the Weald of Kent. A Boarding School for Girls, 5-11, and small boys. T.T. milk, home produce. Mrs. M. D. Price, Principal.

SMALL group of weekly boarders accepted at St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. Primrose 4306. Elizabeth Paul.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1952 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. A day school for boys and girls 5-15. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals: Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

## WHERE TO STAY

"LITTLE Guide to Village Inns & Farmhouses." 2s. 6d., postage 2d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

GUESTS welcomed in country cottage on West Cornish coast. 5gns. Nora Frame, Mariner's Cottage, Botallack, St. Just.

RYE. The Old Flushing Inn welcomes those looking for quiet and comfortable accommodation. Full board £1 1s. per day.

PORLOCK. Halsecombe House, between Exmoor & sea, friendly guest-house. Gd., well-ckd. country fare. Garage. Stabling. Personal attention. Mr. & Mrs. W. J. Holmes.

BEXHILL. Ensure your holiday, book early. Country house near sea, own produce, liberal fare. Homely. Also Special Week-ends Fri. p.m.-Mon. a.m. The Thorne, Ninfield Rd., Bexhill. (Ninfield 212.)

HASTINGS, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Kendal Hotel, 78 Marina; on sea front; completely modernised, H. & C. in all bedrms.; every comf. Summer terms: 5-7½gns. Spec. terms Easter & Whitsun. Hastings 5110.

PENDINE Sands. Homely comfortable accommodation, beautiful country and coastal scenery, safe bathing. Good table, home produce. Terms 5gns., special terms for family party. Tel. Pendine 226. Llethr, Pendine, Carmarthenshire.

IF you have been ill, try Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. Excellent food, bracing air and cheerful, friendly atmosphere. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

BUDE, Cornwall, Hawarden Hotel. Facing South and by the sea. Bathing direct from hotel. Restricted licence. H. & c. in all rooms. Telephone Bude 147.

VEGETARIAN Country Club, high up in Surrey. Thinkers' rendezvous. Generous meals. Ugwood House, Caterham. Tel. 3633.

RYE (near). Country cottage welcomes P.G.s for holidays. Quiet and restful. Farm produce. Fully booked April. Grahame James, The Mill, Iden, Sx. Iden 205.

## WHERE TO STAY—continued

SWITZERLAND.—Convalescence, holidays, winter sports, ski-school. Guest house at 3,370ft. with every comfort, excellent cuisine, personal attention. Daily: 14-15.50 francs incl. Brochure. "Le Cerisier," Caux s/Montreux.

SWITZERLAND. Hotel Pension Landte, Oberhofen a/Thunersee. Sea. Hotel directly by Lake. V. mod. prices. Families welcome.

HOLIDAYS Woolacombe, Glorious Devon. Board residence, very comfortable house adjoining 3 miles golden sands. Write Mrs. M. Garness, "Sea-View."

NOW is the time to book for your Spring or Summer holiday! Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, set amidst glorious scenery, offers good food and comfort in friendly atmosphere. Vegans catered for. Member Vegetarian Catering Assocn. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

THE Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye, superb position, new management, fresh ideas, extensive improvements. Winter terms to suit modest incomes. Rye 2216.

WHY not a Farm Holiday? The 1952 Farm Holiday Guide lists farms all over Britain, with comfortable rooms, nourishing food and good companionship. Fishing, shooting, riding, wonderful walks; the Guide contains scores of farms at most reasonable rates. Send address and 2s. 3d. P.O. and Guide comes post paid by return from David Murdoch, Publisher, Dept. NSN., 49, Broomlands Street, Paisley.

BOURNEMOUTH—Connaught Court Hotel —33 rooms. One acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. Terms 6gns. wkly., 21s. per day inclusive. Tel. 1944.

## BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

STOCKTAKING Sale of Second-hand Books at one-third off marked prices, starting February 1, 1952. Church Street Book Shop, Ltd., 57 Kensington Church Street, London, W.8. WES. 4014.

INTERESTED in languages? Then read "The Linguist," published monthly with articles and features in English, French, German, Spanish, Italian and Esperanto. "Original, entertaining and, above all, helpful." 1s. from newsagents, or 13s. yearly from "The Linguist," 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. Central 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

AMERICAN magazines: Nat. Geog. Mag., Popular Mechanics, Fortune, etc., by postal subscription. Send for details: Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc., 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

"NEW Central European Observer," 12s. year, 40 Great Russell St., W.C.1.

BOOKS, secondhand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, Newcity Rd., Glasgow.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

HAMMERSMITH Bookshop. Books bought. Beadon Rd., W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

"EGYPT and the Sudan—People on the March." Important pamphlet on the present Anglo-Egyptian crisis, specially written by Ahmed Taha Ahmed, General Secretary of the Preparatory Committee for an Egyptian Trade Union Federation. 1d., from W.F.T.U. Publications Ltd., 6 Chichester Chambers, Chichester Rents, Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

## MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short term membership: 1 mth., 10s.; 3mths., £1; 6 mths., 30s.; 1 year, £2 12s. 6d. Club centre, Marble Arch. Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, dramatics, music, literary and art groups, rambles, holiday tours, etc. Write Office, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. (Hol. 5088).

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

TAPE and Wire Recorders for sale or hire. Complete range from 50gns. Panrek (N), 28 New Bond St., W.1. MAY. 3903.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc., 189 Shoreditch High St., London, E.1. 'Phones: Shoreditch 3889/6046.

AVOID furs got by torture; particularly ermine. Write for Fur Crusade leaflets from Major Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Rd., London, S.W.10. Funds are needed.

GREAT Sale offers. New Printed Cotton Overalls. Multi-coloured design. Button-through, short sleeves and belt, all sizes each 12s. 11d. New White Flannelette Sheets, 58in. ×78in. per pair 16s.; 68in. ×88in., per pair 39s. 6d.; 75in. ×95in., per pair 49s. New Irish Linen Glass Cloths, each 22in. × 33in., 6 for 17s. 6d. Carr. Free. Satisfaction or money back H. Conway Ltd. (Dept. 65), 1 Stoke Newington Road, London, N.16.

ORIGINAL paintings and drawings by Sickert, Gill, Nevinson, Millais, Frith and other old and modern masters at prices as low as those of reproductions. Price list from Abbott (private address), 73 Casteinau, Barnes.

## MISCELLANEOUS—continued

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO. 9595.

HEAL'S have a selection of exclusive carpets and rugs which they have specially designed for use with Contemporary Furniture. Please write for further particulars and patterns. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

"SMIT" (Dutch) Diesel Engines 10/19 h.p. and 20/38 h.p. Firms having after-sales facilities considered for Sole Agency against satisfactory initial orders. Allen Walters & Co., Ltd., 6a St. John's Hill, London, S.W.11. Cables "Lenwal-London."

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends House Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

PARACHUTES. (1) Pure Heavy English Silk, White or Primrose; each panel 36in. ×132in., 3in. at top; 2 panels 15s., 4 panels 27s. 6d., 8 panels 52s. 6d. (2) Nylon, Peach, Rose or Light Blue; each panel 36in. ×150in.; 2 panels 20s., 4 panels 37s. 6d., 8 panels 72s. 6d. New Irish Linen Lengths, (1) Natural Shade (a) 6yds. × 24in., each, 22s. 6d.; (b) 6yds. × 32in., each, 25s. (2) Embroidery, White, 5yds. × 27in., each, 17s. 6d. Carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 183), 1 Stoke Newington Rd., London, N.16.

PARACHUTES. British Heavy Sheet Silk in White and Khaki. Each panel 36in. wide, 140in. long, with 3in. top; 1 panel 7s. 6d., 3 panels 21s., 6 panels 40s. 6d. Lovely Nylon in pastel shades of Peach, Light Green, Sky-Blue and Khaki, each panel 36in. wide, 150in. long, with 4in. top, 1 panel 8s. 9d., 3 panels 24s. 9d., 6 panels 48s. White Nylon, 186in. long, 34in. wide, 3in. top, 11s. each panel, White Rayon Panels, 190in. long, 36in wide, 3in. top, 6s. per panel. Also big quantity Remnant Tricot Nylon and Heavy Quality Curtain Net in various colours. Write for our sample range at bargain prices. Post free. Woollen "O" Blankets, brand-new in Grey, 60in. × 80in. (4 lbs. each), 32s. 11d. Post and packing for blankets 1s. Money back guarantee. Angel Trading Co. (Dept. N.S.), 8 Duncan Terrace, City Rd., London, N.1.

REMAKING Bedding. We remake and recover divans, box springs and mattresses, also convert your mattresses into spring-interior types. Write for further particulars. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

CRESCENT Smoking Mixture, the supreme Coltsfoot blend; 2s. 6d. per 4ozs. post free. Shrimpton & Cooke, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

## TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

FIRST-class Duplicating, Typing, etc. Mabel Bates, 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. Lit. MSS., Commercial documents, etc. Impeccable work. Moderate fees. MAI. 2659.

DUPLICATING/Typing by experts. Dictation separate office. Confidential. Miss Stone, 447 Strand, W.C.2. Tem. Bar 5984.

DUPLICATING, typing, express service, office staff supplied. Southern Secretarial Agency, 69 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. ABB. 1511/2.

INTELLIGENT typing and clean duplicating. London's speediest service. Plays a speciality. Baker Street Copy-Type Services, 93 Baker St., W.1. WEL. 6066. Also temporary secretaries supplied & wanted.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing, Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

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MILDRED Furst—Typewriting. Theses, Novels, Plays, Film Scripts, Scientific MSS., etc., copied by intelligent typists under personal supervision. Careful checking. German, French, Latin work done. 7 days' service for MSS of any length by arrangement. 24-hr. Duplicating Service. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAI. 7479.

RANK Secretarial Service (London and Cambridge). MSS expertly typed. Careful checking. Novels, Theses 7 days. Translations all langs. Med. terms. 85 Westbourne Grove, W.2. BAY. 3810 (after 5 p.m.), and 109 Cambridge Rd., Gt. Shelford, Cambridge.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WiSTern 5809.

LITERARY typing, 7-day or 4-day service. Short stories/duplicatg., etc.—24 hrs. Dictating machine service. Indexing, proof-reading, etc. Translns. (all languages). Temporary staff. Secretarial Aunts, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831/Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

## ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Last 2 days at 5 & 8. "Thieves' Carnival." Wd. mat. & Sygs. 7. "Marcel Marceau." Mems. 5s. srcy.

UNITY. Bus. 5391. "Mother Goose" political pinto. Weds. to Suns. 7.30. Mems.

IRVING (Whi. 8657). 7.30 (ex. Mon) Sun. 5.30. Boscoe Holder and his Caribbean Dancers. Mems. 5s.

THE Hovenden Players will present two classical comedies: ("Two Provincial Ladies at the Festival" (XV Idyll of Theocritus) and "The Frogs" (by Aristophanes), for the St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Jan. 28 at 8 p.m. Admission free.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "The Jew in Drama." A Miscellany presented by Ben Uri Drama Group. Wed., Jan. 30 and Thur., Jan. 31, at 7.30. Members 4s., Guests 2s. Tickets obtainable in advance from the Secretary (WEL. 3001).

"FIRST Stage" Society presents on Sun., Feb. 3, 8 p.m., at I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1, Reading of "Farewell to Faustus," a new play by Leo Lehman with William Devlin, Irene Worth, Theodore Bikel, prod. by Frank Hauser. Adm. F.S.S. & I.C.A. members 2s. 6d., guests 3s. 6d. Tkts. at door or fr. Hon. Sec.," First Stage" Soc., c/o International Copyright Bureau, Ltd., Dewar Hse., 19 Haymarket, S.W.1. WHI. 0175.

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1825. Until Jan. 27: Sartre's Les Jeux Sont Faits (A). From Jan. 28 Cocteau's Les Parents Terribles (A).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. Jan. 27, 7.30. "Mr. Ace" (A) with George Raft.

FILM Society—Tooting. Feb. 4: exclusive screening of the Soviet classic "The Road to Life"—Ekk, 1931. Members free; Guests 2s. New prospectus ready. Details from Sec., 98 Fishponds Road, S.W.17. BAL. 3506.

FILM Show. 6 Czechoslovak films incl. "The Miracle Miners" (first showing) at 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Jan. 29, 7.45 p.m. sharp. British-Czechoslovak Friendship League invites all friends. Adm. free.

NEW Era Film Club, St. Pancras Town Hall, Sun., Feb. 3, at 7 p.m. Paul Strand's "Native Land" (U.S.A.) with Paul Robeson and "Peter the Great" (U.S.S.R.). Members 2s., guests 2s. 6d. Details from Sec., New Era Film Club, 40 Berwick St., W.1. GER. 8993.

FILM Show & Travel Forum, Chelsea Town Hall, King's Rd., S.W.3, Feb. 8, 7-10 p.m. Travel enthusiasts and their friends are invited to a Show of Continental Travel Films foll'd. by Holiday Forum when experts will answer your questions. Tkts. 2s. 6d. from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

MATHIS der Maler (Hindemith). Royal Albert Hall, Wed., Jan. 30, at 7.30. Soloists: Sylvia Fisher, Elsie Morison, Janet Howe, Herbert Hunsworth, David Lloyd, Raymond Nilsson, Frank Sale, Denis Dowling, Roderick Jones, Howell Glynne. The B.B.C. Chorus. The B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Cond.: Clarence Raybould. Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s., at Hall (KEN. 9212) and usual agents.

"DIE Fledermaus," Johann Strauss' enchanting Viennese Opera. A unique Concert Performance in English: Sunday, January 27, at 3.30 p.m., Monday, January 28, at 7.30 p.m. (in Costumes of the Period). Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage, N.W.3. Tickets from 12s. 6d. to 3s. 6d., Embassy Theatre, PRI. 2211, and Anglo-Austrian Society, 119 Kensington High St., W.8. WES. 9003/9173.

CHAMBER Music Recital, Wigmore Hall, Mon., Jan. 28, at 7.30. James Whitehead, Richard Adeney, William Glock, Cyril Preedy, Peter Graeme, Gervaise de Peyer, Stephen Trier, Brian Pollard, Charles Gregory, Denis Egan, Wind Septet (1st perf. England), Hindemith. Suite for five-stringed 'cello, Bach. Flute Sonata, Prokofiev. Quintet for piano and winds, Mozart. Tickets, 9s., 6s., 3s., from Hall, WEL. 2141.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall: Monday next, Jan. 28, 7.30 p.m.: Inaugural Concert: The Society for Twentieth Century Music. The London Symphony Orch. Chamber Ensemble; Norman Del Mar; Kyla Greenbaum; Martin Boddey; Margaret Field-Hyde. Works by Constant Lambert, Edgar Varèse, Luigi Dallapiccola. Tkts. 6s. 6d., 4s. 9d., 3s. 6d., from all Hampstead agents & Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1. MAYfair 7600.

ARNOLD Cooke. Trio for Violin, Viola, Cello (1950). 1st perf. Intro. by composer. Carter String Trio. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Jan. 25, 8 p.m.

DOLMETSCH Concert, Cowdray Hall, Feb. 2, at 3. Telemann, Couperin, Locke, Ferrabosco, etc. 7s. 6d., 5s. 6d., from Sec., Brownsholm, Tilford, Surrey, & Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assoc. Mr. Alan Loveday, accompanied by Miss Ruth Stanfield, will give a Violin Recital at the West London Synagogue, 33 Seymour Place, W.1, on Sat., Feb. 2, at 8 p.m. Members & their guests only. Partics. of Association from Hon. Sec., 31 St. Mark St., E.1.

SINGAWAY. Folksongs, Peace Songs, Union Songs, Ballads, led by The Ramblers, Sun., Feb. 3, 3 p.m., 33 Pembridge Square, W.C.2.

## ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

"WOZZECK," by Alban Berg. Intro. by John Gardiner, with illus. by members of the Covent Gdn. cast, Sun., Jan. 27, at 8. Three Arts Clubs, 35 Great Cumberland Place, W.1. Parties. Hon. Sec., Opera Circle, 69 Kensington Ct., W.8. Tel.: WES. 7513.

MOZART'S "La Clemenza di Tito." Concert performance by Mozart Chamber Singers and Haydn Orchestra, Chelsea Town Hall, Jan. 29, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. Chappell's and MAI. 6897.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Sat., Jan. 26, Dance-Social, with Ted Mac's Band. 7.30-11 p.m. Adm. Members 2s. 6d., Members' Friends 3s. 6d. (inc. light refn.). Licensed Bar for members only.

THE Half Century Social Group invite you to the first dance of 1952 at the London Studios, 11 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2, on Tuesday, January 29, 8 p.m. Tony Wayne Orchestra. Prizes & Novelties. 3s. 6d.

## EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED. A new Turnstile Print, Matisse "La Nappe Rose" from Glasgow Art Gallery is just published, £2 5s. plus tax £1 1s. 5d. Full illus. catalogue 6d. post free: Ganymed Press, 10 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. French Landscapes by 19th and 20th Century Painters.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings by Balthus and selected French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Alan Clutton Brock. Daily 10-5. Sats 10-12.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Paintings by Julian Trevelyan, Oswald and Cawthra Mulock. Designs for "Donald of the Burthens" by Colquhoun & MacBryde. Hours 10-6; Sat. 10-1.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

"YOUNG Sculptors," I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Dly. 10-6. Suns. 2-6.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leic. Sq. Select Paintings, old and modern, under 25gns. And Display of Art Books.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Paintings and Sculpture by William Turnbull. The Exhibition of Paintings by Francis Bacon is retained until Feb. 9.

PAINTER-Lithographers of 1952. A collection of limited edition Lithographs by Contemporary Artists, on view Jan. 16-Feb. 9 at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W1.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leics. Sq. Pictures for Hire. Also Feininger Exhibition extended 11-6 daily, inc. Sats.

AUSTRIAN Book Exhibition, 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Jan. 24 to Feb. 6. 1,500 Modern Books, also rare manuscripts.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibition: British Medicine and the Continent, 1600-1850. Open daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. Debate between Viscount Hinchingbrooke and Mr. Sidney Silverman, M.P.: "Is Our National Independence Being Sacrificed to U.S.A.?" Thursday, Jan. 31, 7.30 p.m. C.E.A.F. Hall, 3rd floor, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec. WEL. 0136.

"EUROPEAN Unity."—Address by Rt. Hon. Lord Layton, C.H., at Sunday Service, January 27, at 11 a.m., at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8. (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

SOCIETY of Socialist Managers and Technicians. Public meeting at Caxton Hall, S.W.1, at 2.30 on Saturday, January 26. Speaker: Anthony Crosland, M.P.

"THE Press and the Cold War": Preston Beason, Tuesday, January 29, 6.45 p.m. Hope House, Gt. Peter Street, S.W.1. 3s. at door. Union of Democratic Control, 12 Victoria St., S.W.1.

FARM Street Church, W.1 (Entrance also in Mount St.). Wednesday, Jan. 30, 6.30, Conference by Fr. Leycester King, S.J., "Religion and the Psychological Ills of Society."

TARBUT La'Am (Jewish Cultural Centre), 37 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. Sunday, January 27, 8 p.m. "The Future of Art in Israel"—A. Meinikoff. Every Thurs. at 8. Lect. series on History of the Jewish People in Biblical Period by Chaim Frumstein, M.A.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., 7.30 p.m. Jan. 31: "Psychology & Devotion."

BELGIAN Inst., 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs., Jan. 31, 6.30 p.m. Lecture by Prof. Fernand Desonay: "Le Romancier-Académicien Georges Simenon." Adm. free.

SOCIETY for Sex Educ. & Guidance. Mrs. Moya Woodside, "Patterns of Marriage." Wed., Jan. 30, Conway Hall, 7 p.m. Adm. free.

CENT. London Fabian Society, Wed. Jan. 30, 7.30 p.m., St. Anne's Church House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "Recent Developments in Indonesia." Dorothy Woodman (correspondent of N.S. & N.). Adm. 1s. 6d.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

SOCIALIST Med. Assoc. Public Meeting, Denison Hse., Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Victoria, Fri. Feb. 1, 7.30. "What's going on in Rumania." Speakers: Dr. I. Fisher; Dr. S. Leff. Tickets 1s. at door or S.M.A., 86 Rochester Row, S.W.1. Also: Joint Dance: S.M.A.-Haldane Soc'y., Wed. Feb. 6, 8-midnight, Fountain Room, Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, W.C.1. Tickets 3s. 6d. from above address (Vic. 4962). Informal dress.

SOCIETY of Labour lawyers. Rt. Hon. Sir Frank Soskice, K.C., M.P., on "The Work of the International Court of Justice." 7 p.m. Monday, January 28. Feathers, Tudor St., E.C.4. Public Meeting.

MEET and hear Dr. Monica Felton on Jan. 29 at 5 p.m. at 19 Sheldon Avenue, Hampstead Lane, N.6. All welcome, refreshments. Organised by N.W. Committee, International Women's Day.

MR. John Horner will speak on 'British-Hungarian friendship' at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Thurs., Jan. 31, at 7.30 p.m. Chairman: Rev. Dr. W. Beynon Thomas, Adm. 6d. at door. British Hungarian Friendship Society, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2.

"THE Conquest of Fear." Mrs. Hilda M. Powell. Sun., Jan. 27, 7 p.m. Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesday at 7 p.m. Jan. 29, Mr. & Mrs. F. Norman, "The Race Problem in the West Indies." Admission free. Collection.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Jan. 27: Astrology True or False?

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Jan. 27. Joseph McCabe, "Science and Theology To-day." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

"NO War with China. Peace and Trade Instead." Britain-China Friendship Association Conference, Beaver Hall, Mansion House, 2.30 Saturday, Feb. 9. Chairman: Geoffrey Bing, M.P. Speakers: Sir Alfred Pratt, Dr. Needham, Sidney Silverman, M.P. T.U.s, firms, associations, federations, invited send delegates (fee 2s. 6d.). Credentials from 17 Bishops Bridge Rd., W.2. All interested visitors welcome, fee 1s. at door. Tea free.

INDIA Day, Saturday, January 26, at Royal Albert Hall, 3 p.m. prompt. Chairman: Reginald Sorensen, M.P. Speakers: High Commissioner, Rt. Hon. C. R. Attlee, M.P., Sir Walter Monckton, M.P., Lord Pethick-Lawrence, Compton Mackenzie. Special programme of songs of ancient and modern India and classical instruments. Tickets 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. India League, 47 Strand, W.C.2. TRA. 6465.

"THE New Vision in the School," by Dr. Eric James, Chairman, D. R. Hardman, M.A. Third lecture in current series of Joseph Payne Memorial Lectures entitled "Horizons in the School" in the College of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1, on Thursday, January 31, 1952, at 6 p.m.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall, Tu., Jan. 31 at 8. Gordon Schaffer on "Disarmament & U.N.O." 6d. Org. H'pstead Peace Council.

"PERSIAN Oil," by B. G. Stiles, of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. All Nations Social Club, Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8 p.m. Questions and discussion. Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

GEORGIAN composer Taktakishvili: tape-recording of 1st Symphony, and discussion led by Bernard Stevens. Tues. Jan. 29, 7.45, S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

CHRISTIAN Action Lunch-Hour Forum, Caxton Hall, January 29, 1.15 p.m. Frank Owen and David Low of the Press. Buffet.

LONDON Labour Party's Eve of Session Reunion, Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, St. Marylebone. Monday, Jan. 28, 7.30 p.m. Adm. by ticket 4s., from The London Labour Party, 258/262 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1, and at doors.

M. L. BURNET: "Relative and Absolute Ethics." At the Ethical Church, 4A Inverness Place, W.2. Jan. 27 at 11 a.m.

RACIAL Unity. Public Meeting, Monday, February 4. Central Hall, Westminster, 7.30 p.m. Miss Mary Attlee, H.E. V.K. Krishna Menon, James Griffiths, M.P., C. J. M. Alport, M.P., Dingle Foot and Lord Hailsham (Chairman). Admission free. Reserved seats and particulars from the Secretary, Racial Unity, 32, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. February 2 at 6 p.m. Mr. A. G. Ellis: "2,000 miles in Europe behind a cork."

"SPIRITUAL Thought & Practice." Hari Prasad Shastri. Lectures at Shanti Sadan, 29 Chepstow Villas, W.11, every Wed. & Fri. at 8 p.m.

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## LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

NEHRU sends special message to people of British which will be read at Royal Albert Hall on India Day, Saturday, January 26, at India League Meeting. 3 p.m. prompt.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Public Lecture, Wed. Jan. 30, 6.30 p.m. "The Dharma in the Modern World": Mr. R. Robinson.

POLISH Cultural Institute: Illus. talk by Milicent Rose, "The Art of Paper-Cuts in Poland." Jan. 25, 7.45. All welcome.

## LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "Trans-Pacific Cultural Relations between the Old World and America in Pre-Columbian Times" will be given by Professor R. Heine-Geldern (Institut für Völkerkunde, Vienna), at 5.30 p.m. on February 5, 8, and 12 at University College (Anatomy Theatre), Gower St., W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

BRITISH League for European Freedom. Course of 6 lectures entitled "Stalin's New World" at White Eagle Club, 2 Albert Gate, Knightsbridge. Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Jan. 29: "The New Social Classes" by Dr. C. A. Smith, M.A. Feb. 5: "The New Agriculture" by Mr. A. Nove. Course 10s. 6d. Single lectures 2s. Tickets at door.

THE Present Question Conference 1952, will be held at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, August 2-9. Theme: "Conflicts of Loyalties." Speakers: Dr. K. Bliss, John L. Edwards, M.P., Sir Wilfrid Garrett, E. de Groot, E. P. Harries, John Heath-Stubbs, W. D. Hogarth, Prof. W. R. Niblett, Dr. I. H. Oldham, Prof. M. Polanyi, Herbert Read, A. J. P. Taylor, The Earl of Verulam, H. Westmann, J. F. Wolfenden. Enquiries: Secretariat, 37 Middleway, London, N.W.11.

PROBLEMS of Foreign Policy: A School with Kenneth Younger, M.P., Thomas Balogh, John Hynd, M.P., T. E. M. McKitterick at Beatrice Webb House, near Dorking, February 8-10. Apply Fabian International Bureau, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

FREEDOM and Responsibility: A Clarification of the Relationship of Man and Society. Dr. Otto Friedman. Feb. 8-11. Beatrice Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

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